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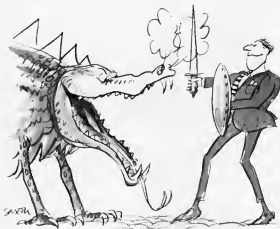
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Next week

FORD VS. PORSCHE for the sports-car supremacy of the world will be the main event at Daytona, but Alfa Romeo of Italy and MIRA of France also will contest the 24 Hours.

THE UNBROKEN BRONCOS of Santa Clara, led by implacable Bud Ogden, are headed for college basketball's big last roundup and, Joe Lara writes, a serious crack at UCLA.

ENOMATHE New England has too misty skiers, not enough snow and no real mountains, yet it continues to boom, holding its head—and a brand-new Clam—high in the sky at.

Gary Ball

FOOTLOOSE

A globe-trotter offers some tips for the loneliness of long-distance travelers

Travel may or may not broaden, but it certainly throws a man in on himself. In travels throughout the civilized world over a long period of years I have endured boredom as painful as any hazard faced by an Arctic explorer. Men who travel on business find associates at journey's end, and these sometimes care for them after 6 in the evening, often with booze, sometimes with birds. But businessmen usually want to talk business even after hours, and their wives, if one meets them, can be hazards.

For the true tourist, friends are the only real remedy for the loneliness of the long-distance traveler. Preferably they are people one has known at home, but I have made many friends in transit, and some of them have endured. One must be wary, however, not so much of the cardsharp or the thug as of the bore. Bore can kill you faster than cancer or loneliness.

I have developed some rules for making or avoiding acquaintances while traveling. With an Englishman, I never speak first. I simply wait patiently for a polite fate to make the introduction. Soon some tiny thing will occur, like a shade in a railway compartment suddenly jumping up, or the necessity to pass a drink or a plastic lunch on an airplane, and before you know it the Englishman is chattering away. With a Russian it is difficult to talk at all, not so much because of the language barrier as because of the suspicion—unless you have been cleared for conversation by the Kremlin.

In Japan in 1930 a small man in a large bowler hat and Western costume came up to me, bowed, hissed and said, "Ah, I am gentleman traveling for pleasure." A longtime American resident of Japan later told me that that was the rigid remark of the detective spy, and they always dressed accordingly to the local idea of American plainclothesmen picked up from the movies of that era.

The Chinese were less intrusive and more distant—one never got to know them. The French rarely bothered a tourist except in the pursuit of his dollars, trying to sell him the traditional "feetly pictures" along the Avenue de l'Opéra, or offering to exchange bogus francs for traveler's checks. In Naples in the 1920s you would likely be offered a 14-year-old girl by a man with a mouthful of gold teeth who had relatives in "Chicagoo."

At 6 o'clock in the evening in any foreign city one is generally thoroughly foot-sore and tired of oneself. The cafes of France are then a godsend, as are the pubs of England and the cafes of Berlin's Kurfürsten-

damm. New York's numerous bars are not nearly so attractive, but at least they are ports in the storm of loneliness. The theater and cinema in London are great refuges. Paris for an American is not so valuable unless his ear for French is well-nigh faultless. French performances all sound to a foreign ear like *Cornelle* or *Racine* except when they are *not* so.

Sports are the great anodyne for the traveler. I have watched with pleasure tennis at Wimbledon, horse racing at Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood and Sandown, as well as at Longchamp, Chantilly, Saint-Cloud and Maisons-Laffitte. I have been appropriately stirred and horrified by bullfights in Seville and Figueras. I even lost 30 rubles the day after May Day in 1930 at Moscow's harness track.

The worst baseball game I ever saw was in 1924 on a cricket field outside London between two traveling American conglomerate teams. The English did not seem to understand the game any more than we do cricket. Sitting near me was a man who once saw a game in Shanghai between Japanese and Chinese. He was trying unsuccessfully to explain it to a man who knew only cricket and soccer.

Books, magazines and newspapers absorb much of the time of the intellectual tourist. I have enjoyed *The Brothers Karamazov* during a rainy week in Lugano, *Black House* in Madrid, Shakespeare in the West Indies and D. H. Lawrence's *Morning in Mexico* in Moscow. Alexander Herzen's memoirs kept me happy in Paris and London in 1924 during a wet winter. Mark Twain was a great help one summer in Shanghai. He was also pertinent. In 1920, when I was there, Shanghai was an amalgam of prickly heat and steam. In *Following the Equator* Mark Twain noted that the difference between a warm day in Calcutta and a hot one was that on a hot day the brass doorknobs melted in your hand, but on a warm day they were merely mushy.

For some of us, museums are a solace while traveling abroad. At home in New York I rarely find enough time to visit them, but put me down in a foreign city and I make straight for the Tate, the Prado, the Palazzo Vecchio, the Hermitage or the Louvre. The relief of art from aloneness, however, is only temporary and indigestion soon sets in. Taking in a whole museum, especially one of the dimensions of those I have mentioned, is like eating seven first courses, eight entrees and 15 desserts.

I suppose the best antidote for the loneliness of the long-distance traveler is either to take along a wife or find a substitute en route. But that has its hazards. As Walt Kelly, the creator of the comic strip *Pogo*, once wrote about women: "[they are] a sometime ornament, never to be taken seriously nor on long trips."

—M. R. WERNER



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Hound, Horn and View Halloo for Waterloo

Contrary to myth, it was not Eton's schoolboy athletes that made Wellington's great victory possible. It was the Iron Duke's British proclivity for chasing the fox over the fields and fences of Europe by MARY EVANS

By now the myth that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton has been pretty well exploded. For one thing, there were no playing fields as such at Eton or any other school when Wellington's soldiers were at a formative age. If the Iron Duke benefited from any sport at the crucial battle of his career, it was not some schoolboy pastime but fox hunting—a sport that he pursued avidly throughout all his campaigns.

Wellington was a good Anglo-Irish aristocrat to whom fox hunting was almost a necessity. The Germans might use dogs to trap and seize the fox underground, the French might shoot the animal and the Austrian nobility might have foxes driven conveniently before their shooting stands, but the English considered the manly thing to do was to chase the fox on horseback, and this they did with a vengeance.

Wellington had more than enough time during the Peninsular War to follow the sport. The first time he was sent to the Iberian Peninsula, in 1808, he forced Napoleon's armies out of Portugal only to have the diplomats lose the victory. This meant he had to be sent out again, for an interminable stretch of five years without leave or a visit home—five years of advancing and retreating, of driving hard and then waiting and reorganizing, until at last he brought his troops across the Pyrenees into France, where Napoleon, pressured also in the north, had to give up.

It was a wearying and nerve-racking campaign, and as soon as possible Wellington began distracting himself with his hounds. First he had to get the war under way. This he did by driving into Spain and winning a victory of sorts at Talavera, which was so popular back home that it brought him his peerage. The very first letter the new peer signed with his new title was one asking the prince regent for permission to have a pack of hounds sent out for the hunt.

Wellington spent the next year and a

half or so on the Portuguese border building forts and waiting for the right moment to invade Spain again. In the meantime he wanted his men to be active and happy. He permitted his officers to dress more or less as they wanted; the sportier ones went about in elaborate jockey costumes. There was horse racing, shooting and, of course, fox hunting. Everyone got involved in the hunt in some way. The very commonest soldiers, whose duty it was to feed the dogs, got to snitch the dogs' biscuits, which were better than their own. At any rate, Wellington had every one interested in the hunt. According to one officer's account: "Here the shell-jacket of a heavy dragoon was seen storming the fence of a vineyard. There the dark green of a rifleman was going the pace over the plain. The unsportsmanlike figure of a staff officer might be observed emerging from a drain, while some neck-or-nothing Irishman, with light infantry wings, was flying at every fence before him." The local Portuguese peasantry must have wondered what to make of the English soldiers and all that view hallooing over the countryside.

Wellington himself, never ostentatious in his dress but always correct (he usually wore a plain gray coat and a cocked hat covered with waterproofed silk), rode to the hunt in the top hat and sky-blue-and-black habit of the Salisbury hunt.

When it was time for the English to move out of Portugal and begin the sieges of the French strongholds in Spain, Wellington turned his favorite sport into a propaganda device. Trying to frighten a French garrison into surrendering, he let it be known he was going to take up hunting again and that he needed a house nearby for his hounds—a plan that would let the French know he had no idea of retreating. During the many long sieges he had to lead, he made his officers send back home for their own hounds and wrote enthusiastic notes to his colleagues arranging for meetings and dates. To keep enemy spies from guess-

ing at his plans he would disguise his reconnoiterings as hunting jaunts; the villa where he had his hounds kept was used for secret staff meetings.

The most dashing display of sporting zest came at the battle of Salamanca, one of the major victories of that war. The French and British lines were drawn up, the battle was under way and Wellington was riding along the line of fire, watching the artillery blasting the enemy. His staff was with him, and he was deep in an intense conversation with a Spanish general. Suddenly a rabbit ran into the ravine separating the two armies, and from somewhere sprang a brace of greyhounds on hot pursuit of the rabbit. The moment he saw this, Wellington, to the astonishment of his Spanish allies, gave the view halloo and galloped after hounds and hare full-speed, somehow not being hit by either side's shells and not stopping until he had seen the hounds run down the hare. There is a famous portrait of Wellington by Goya, said to have been sketched as the general rode into Salamanca after the victory, the expression is that of a man who is astonished at having escaped from a terrible danger.

After Salamanca, Wellington found himself without supplies and forced to retreat almost to the Portuguese border. Somewhere back in the stragglng train were his hounds. A private wrote, "We were sent to break biscuit and make a mess for Lord Wellington's hounds. I was very hungry and thought it a good job, as we got our own fill." Wellington sent a dispatch off to one of his commanders, advising that "if you should be pressed by the enemy, take care that all our stores and people (including my hounds) move off."

Somehow they—Wellington, at least some of his troops and many of the hounds—made it back to their permanent encampment, and garrison life started again. Wellington had, in addition to his seven war chargers, eight hunters (two of which cost him 400 pounds)

continued

and about 16 couple of foxhounds. The hunt met at least three times a week, and Wellington was always there, getting what sport and exercise he could. Conditions were very poor. His hounds, done in perhaps by all their traveling, were considered very poor specimens of the breed. They almost never caught up with a fox, even though the few foxes around were very fat and not to be compared with the brave and wily ones in Britain. Either the hounds caught and killed the fox before the chase was even under way or the fox managed to find a hole to hide in.

The climate was wet and rainy; the going was terrible, the ground being of light gravel or rock and very slippery. A judge advocate who was sent out to take up duty on Lord Wellington's staff found the hunting somewhat less than glamorous. Food was in short supply, and had Wellington been willing to eat fox it wouldn't have mattered, since he and his hunt had only managed to kill one fox in many months, and there was

no one who could really take the time to manage things well.

Poor results or no, Wellington kept on hunting. It sometimes seemed to his men that he kept his camp up in the wilderness of the border only to be able to fox hunt. In fact, however much he enjoyed the sport, he found it expedient to be as far as possible from Lisbon, with its bureaucrats and official visitors and local royalty. None of them liked to make the long trek to his camp; he answered the more annoying inquiries as to what he was doing by describing full details of the latest hunt.

Lamed horses, foxhounds and all, Wellington started off once more to clear Spain of the French, and this time he succeeded. He drove his way across Spain, taking Pamplona, where he stopped to rest and hunt. Then he moved into France itself, where there was more hunting—though still not of the best sort. He moved his army on to Toulouse, and it was here that the news came of Napoleon's abdication. Celebrations fol-

lowed, with balls and, of course, a great hunt in a nearby forest. The war, for the time being, was over, and Wellington could get back home and get in some decent hunting before it was time for him to attend to Waterloo.

It was probably a very good thing, apart from the reasons already given, that Wellington pursued fox hunting during the war rather than, say, shooting. There is a story that in later years he was visiting a lady's estate, and everyone decided to go off shooting grouse. Lord Wellington let his gun off in all directions, to the absolute terror of the lady's young daughter. "What's this," cried the lady to the child, "fear in the presence of the Lord of Waterloo! Stand close behind the Duke; he will protect you." Behind the Duke was the only place to be, for he managed to wing a dog, a keeper, an elderly woman standing in her cottage window while she did her laundry and one pheasant. England may have owed the survival of her armies to the wily fox.

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THE PROUD BIRD WITH THE GOLDEN TAIL

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SURPRISE MOVE

There was general hilarity in the offices of the U.S. Golf Association recently when it was suggested that Joe Dey, who for years has run amateur golf so well, might accept a post with the battle-worn PGA. No way, his aides said, or something like that, for Dey was, after all, the striped-tie, conservative, august boss of an organization eminently suited to him.

But in a move that should mean much to golf, Dey surprised both friends and associates last week by accepting the PGA's newly created post of commissioner of professional golf. His reason was simple. The USGA no longer needed his guidance, but the pro tour seemed to need somebody's help—and firm direction.

Dey is one of the few men who could bring order to the tour. He has enormous prestige within the game and a personality that combines the autocratic inclinations of a Judge Landis with the practicality of a Pete Rozelle. His feeling about the traditions of golf border on the zealous—and yet he moves against tradition when he feels he must. It was Dey who, primarily because of TV and its revenue, changed the 36-hole U.S. Open final to two 18-hole days, a move that outraged purists and has indeed diminished the Open, but which has had practical advantages for golf as a whole.

For years the touring pros have said, as they squabbled with the PGA: "If only we could get a man like Joe Dey to run our tour." They never felt they had a chance. Indeed, when a few PGA representatives met with Dey two weeks ago, it was to ask his guidance on what a new commissioner should do. Dey gave them his ideas, along with a list of people the PGA might consider for the job. Somebody said, almost rhetorically, "How about you, Joe?" The startling reply was a maybe that eventually became a yes.

There will still be strained times ahead among the touring pros, the PGA and

Dey. But the strain now will be for the best, especially if the players remember how long they have been saying, "If only we could get Joe Dey. . . ."

LIFE FOLLOWS ART

In Broadway's hot musical, *Promises, Promises*, the heroine shows off her knowledge of basketball by declaring flatly to the hero: "Oscar Robertson led the NBA last year with a 29.7 average."

"That's right," he cries in delight. "Even the .7 is right." In the audience, though, there are disgruntled murmurs among those who know that it was Dave Bing who led the NBA last year.

Despite much criticism, the NBA has always awarded its scoring title to the player who scored the most points—not the player with the highest average. Last year Bing scored 2,142 in 79 games while Robertson, who was injured, scored 1,896 in 65 games. Robertson had the higher average, but Bing was declared the official scoring champion.

Now it seems that NBA publicity directors have met and are ready to change the scoring system. Starting next year, it will not be the player with the most points but the one with the highest average who will lead the league—the way it has been in *Promises, Promises* all along. Now the least *Promises, Promises* can do is get the heroine to say it right. Oscar Robertson averaged 29.2, not .7.

ANOTHER HUNG JURY?

Baseball's executives meet this coming week in Miami and they just might elect a new commissioner. But an informal *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* poll of the 24 major league clubs says: don't bet on it.

Surprisingly, Chub Feeney of the San Francisco Giants and Mike Burke of the New York Yankees are still the leading candidates; of the 19 clubs that discussed how they might vote, 16 indicated that they would vote for one or the other of the two, and several clubs said they would be happy with either man. Even so, because a candidate must

get nine votes (three-quarters of the total) in each league to be elected, the chances are all too good that the balloting will subside into a repetition of the deadlock that occurred in earlier voting in December. An antagonistic bloc of only four clubs in either league can veto any candidate, even if he has the support of all or most of the other 20 clubs. That happened to both Feeney and Burke in December and is likely to happen again. Old-fashioned, thickheaded pride may lead to another long, drawn-out struggle that can end only with the election of a compromise candidate—not a compromise between Feeney and Burke but a compromise between the wishes of a clear majority and a stubborn minority. Strange sport, baseball.

Who will the compromise candidate be? Bing Devine of the St. Louis Cardinals and Judge Robert Cannon of Wisconsin were most frequently mentioned, though it could be an entirely new entry, like Frank Cashen of the Baltimore Orioles. But, according to comments made during our poll, it definitely will not be Vince Lombardi.

GOOD SPEED, GREAT LACHES

Football equipment has become more and more sophisticated over the years, or haven't you noticed that advertise-



ment featuring Bob Lilly of the Cowboys in full field regalia, except for the minor items of pants, shirt and helmet? Lilly looks like an X ray of an astronaut 30 seconds before blast-off.

Now, football may be moving beyond the sophisticated to the esoteric. The Baltimore Colts employ a seer named Eddie

continued

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SCORECARD *roadside*

Block as a trainer. Between tapings and rubdowns Block looks into the future. Five years ago he said flatly that baseball and football teams would soon be playing on artificial fields. Ho ho, said his amused listeners, but—ha ha—now we have AstroTurf and Tartan.

Lately, Block has been thinking about glare, from sun and artificial lighting, which so frequently bothers players, especially those on the receiving end of passes and kicks. Block's solution is false eyelashes.

Eddie is serious. "I was out with a girl the other night," he explains, "and we went to a show. They turned on some bright lights that hurt my eyes, but they didn't bother her a bit. She said it was because of the false eyelashes."

Block points out that football players have tried all sorts of things to reduce glare, like blacking beneath the eyes, without notable success. So why not special eyelashes? They would be light, they are no trouble to wear and they might work.

It is difficult to visualize a tender young thing like John Mackey wearing false eyelashes but, don't forget, Eddie Block did predict AstroTurf. Who knows? The Baltimore Colts may recoup some of the prestige lost in the Super Bowl disaster by becoming the first team in pro football to have a receiver kissed after catching a pass.

RINK PUB HEADS SING

People have talked for years about those zesty *Variety* headlines, the ones like BIRD FLICK HUB SOCKO, which translates into something like, "Alfred Hitchcock's film, *The Birds*, did very well indeed at box offices in Boston." Sport headlines probably will never quite equal *Variety*'s for cryptic confusion, but this one from a recent issue of *The Hockey News* isn't bad: AILING BOOMER REPLACED BY CAT.

We trust that translation will not be necessary.

THE HAIRY WEST

Ain't nobody going to mess up NAS-CAR's image. At Riverside International Raceway in California, Bill Gazaway, chief technical inspector for the stock-car racers' group, is reported to have refused to let long-haired or bearded people into the pits until they got a haircut or shave. Les Richter, ex-Los Angeles Ram All-Pro linebacker who is president

of Riverside, commented: "I'm a short-hair advocate myself and I say hooray for Bill Gazaway. He wasn't issuing any ultimatum. It's just that this is the pits, and we're all mighty proud of the general appearance of the crews and the drivers. We've gotten a lot of respect the last few years and we want to earn more, that's all."

Gazaway, who is from College Park, Ga., said: "It's simply a matter of personal hygiene. We're big business now and proud of our image. You don't see anything but clean-cut folks for the most part at our races down South and on the East Coast. These were West Coast people."

DISHERITED

Shortly after Coach Moe Iba's Memphis State basketball team had lost to North Texas State, 96-69, Moe's father was on the phone. In his 35 years as coach at Oklahoma State, Henry Iba's teams have allowed more than 80 points to be scored against them only seven times. Defensively, his teams are annually among the nation's best.

"What was the score?" Henry asked. Moe hemmed and hawed and changed the subject. His father persisted. The embarrassed Moe kept evading the issue.

Finally his father thundered, "I'll tell you what the score was. Ninety-six damn points, that's what the score was. Bret and Greg [Moe's sons] are in the will, but you're out."

With a smile playing on his lined face, Henry hung up the phone.

ARMS RACE

Russia is ordering weapons from England, despite the arms-control pact and East-West tension. Archery is to be an Olympic sport at Munich in 1972, and the Russians think the English make the best bows in the world. They have therefore ordered 200 of them, plus arrows, for which they will pay £8,000 (\$19,200). The weapons are manufactured in Sherwood Forest (where else?). As for the ban on exports of strategic arms to the Soviet bloc, an unflappable official said icily, "As far as we know, this does not include bows and arrows."

IF NOBODY SALUTES

SMU hired a Dallas advertising agency last summer (SCORECARD, Aug. 12) to promote its football team, which has to compete with the NFL's Dallas Cowboys

for consumer loyalty. The \$40,000 campaign—newspapers, billboards, radio-TV—was built around the theme: Excitement 1968.

Well, the Mustangs proved exciting enough, averaging 28 points a game and compiling a 7-3 regular-season record, but the ratings were not there. Attendance averaged only 30,000 per game, a disappointingly small improvement over the 28,000 of a season earlier.

"I knew there would be criticism if we fell on our faces," says Football Coach Hayden Fry. "There was a lot of money invested in this. But we did it because there was a need for it. In four or five years everybody will be hiring ad agencies to promote their teams."

"I don't think one season can decide whether or not the campaign was a success. Chuck Henson, our sophomore quarterback, was an unknown at the start of the year but he led the nation in passing. The carry-over value of our 1968 season should influence our 1969 attendance. I can see it in the enthusiasm of our ticket buyers. I think it was money well spent."

It also raises some interesting possibilities. After a bad season, for instance, instead of firing the coach, a school can follow procedures all too familiar to Madison Avenue and switch ad agencies.

JOIN 'EM

SMU is struggling against professional competition but, over in North Carolina, Wake Forest is profiting from it. The New York Jets and the Minnesota Vikings will play a preseason exhibition at Wake Forest on Aug. 30, and the game is included in the five-game season-ticket package being offered to Deacon fans. Athletic Director Gene Hooks, admitting that his ticket sales needed a shot in the arm, says, "We're billing the Jet-Viking game as a charity affair. The charity is Wake Forest football."

THEY SAID IT

- Lee Trevino, U.S. Open champion, after financing a driving range and sports center in El Paso: "I can walk in a bank now and borrow \$700,000. Two years ago, if I walked in a bank, the guard would give me the once-over."
- Ross Montgomery, TCU halfback, on pro football scouts at the Senior Bowl: "They watched everything we did. If you scratched your head, they'd write it down: 'Likes to scratch head.'" **END**



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Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 3, 1989

THIS IS GOLF?

The annual Bing Crosby pro-am is always a meteorological marvel, but last week's tournament was even wilder than usual, thereby providing a true test of a player's ability to hit the ball while treading water **by DAN JENKINS**



A player goes down the first fairway in a rain suit, takes it off at the 3rd, puts on an extra sweater at the 5th, gets back into the rain suit at the 9th, takes off the two sweaters at the 12th, changes socks at the 14th, takes off the rain suit at the 16th, puts the sweaters back on at the 17th and finally finishes suspended in midair, gradually blowing out over the breakers, like a seagull flying backward. It's the Crosby tournament again, of course, the world's leading argument for indoor golf.

continued



On a squishy green, an impromptu ancient mariner creates his own waves as he steers the rising tide under conditions that a befuddled Arnold Palmer finds hard to believe





Pitting in a downpour may not have bothered Bob Lunn, but at least one sorry caddy, greenkeeper and (right) TV man wished he would hurry.

THE CROSBY *continues*

Last week the Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur sailed into the PGA tour in its usual time slot—typhoon January. Once again the weather, rather than the golf, held everyone's interest on that craggy mudbank formerly known as the Monterey Peninsula, everyone bring a collection of some of the best pros and worst amateurs there are and a scattering of breaststroking Carmel residents who have learned to post silly signs around town, such as, "I'D WALK A MILE FOR A DRY CROSBY."

Bad weather is nothing new to the Crosby tournament. Over the last 17 years, going into last week, it had rained 27 playing days and even snowed once, and this says nothing of the fog and wind, which are also a marvelous part of the proceedings. Crosby veterans can count on their galoshes the number of times the sun has poked through the pine and cypress trees of the area. Last week was really it, though, a bringing together of all of the elements that have made the tournament so much fun—steady rain, wild winds, oozing fog, gloomy mist, foot-deep mush and black clouds that move briskly across your umbrellas top like low-flying factory smoke.

Everybody always tries to smile and make jokes about the tournament as they hover around Del Monte Lodge at Pebble Beach, like evacuees from a flood, and try to catch glimpses of such amateur golfers as soggy Jack Lemmon, dripping Jim Garner, waterlogged Dean

Martin and gale-bashed Sean Connery, who last week often looked more like Agent H₂O than 007. Crosby himself labeled it "The Jacques Cousteau Open." But no one summed it up better than ABC-TV's Jim McKay as he loitered in a suite overlooking the 18th at Pebble one afternoon, casually watching the gallery sick.

"They should hold the German army championship here this week," he said. "Ach! You will play golf! You will have fun! You will not slice!"

The Crosby is a goofy tournament to begin with. It is played on three different courses—scenic Pebble Beach, seacoast Cypress Point and scenic Spyglass Hill—and a \$25,000 pro-am is in progress along with the pros competing for \$125,000 individually. It is a test of automobile driving as much as anything, if a spectator wishes to course-hop and pick up different foursomes. One seldom knows who is leading, or where, until a day is done, and sometimes you don't know even then, considering the way the 1969 tour is progressing.

For instance, after Thursday's round was completely washed out two guys named Terry Wilcox and Jim Colbert, who were also to float away eventually, tied for the first-round lead on Friday. To most people, they could have been actors, doctors or parking-lot attendants. The courses were littered with all of these "friends of Bing," you see, the amateurs, 168 of them, carefully selected

from no less than 9,152 annual applications.

Playing in the Crosby is something of a status thing, not only among the show-biz crowd, but in par-3 corporate dining rooms all over the country. They all get fat handicaps to combat the weather, they get to loaf with the pros and Hollywood types and, as Dave Marr joked, "They all go home with a terminal slice."

For the pros, it is a sort of love-hate thing. They like the idea of the tournament because it is different, and they dearly like some of the rich people they meet, and they like being catered to by the admiring Jack Lemmons, but they hate the elements. "Sometimes it isn't even golf," said Charlie Coody one day, trying to withdraw. "You can improve the lie, but there's no place to put it. There's nowhere to take a stance or keep dry, and the wind keeps blowing seagulls down."

There is also a trick to figuring out who's really playing the best golf. After a three-way tie through 36 holes, for example, there was this serious question about whether George Archer, or Howe Johnson, or Dale Douglass, the three men who were in front, deserved the lead, since they had all played a different combination of courses.

"I put Johnson in front because he's played Pebble and Spyglass," said one writer. "The other two have played Cypress, and he hasn't."

"Yeah," said another, "but Spyglass



With the rain making every sand trap a lake, the Crosby brought out the worst in some golfers, but it also brought out the best in the gallery.

is playing easier this year than Cypress because the tees are moved up, and Cypress doesn't drain."

These constant references among players, press and fans alike, to Pebble, Cypress and Spyglass, or Spyglass, Pebble and Cypress, and to the rapidly changing weather at all three, always make it sound as if three different things are going on, all disconnected, and none of them very important since we are all going to drown, anyway.

Jack Tuthill, the PGA's freestyle supervisor, said that the whole first four days of the Crosby, through Sunday, were the worst he had seen—worse than the Napa rainout the week previous, when water ran waist high between some tees and greens and when Miller Barber was declared a winner after only 36 holes.

"This is about the only place in the world, these courses, where we could be playing golf in stuff like this," said Jack. "Or try to, at least."

What happens in a tournament like the Crosby, with its field and its weather, is some very mysterious golf. This time Bob Dickson had the week's most curious round on Saturday at Cypress when he shot nine birdies—yes, nine—but came away with only a three-under-par 69 because he also happened to make a triple bogey, a double bogey and a straight bogey. The triple came, naturally, at the famed 16th at Cypress, that much-photographed par-3 over Hong Kong harbor and back again.

At this point anyone choosing to check up on the pro-am saw a whole different group of leaders. Tommy Shaw, a pro, had shot 72-77, but his team was 23 under par because his amateur partner, one Richard Crane of Pacific Palisades, had helped him 26 shots with a 12 handicap.

Howie Johnson looked at the board and shook his head. "Like to get me one of those," he said. Then he was asked who his partner was.

"Jimmy Walker," said Howie, a gabby guy from Texas who has been on and off the tour for 12 years. And which Jimmy Walker was that, he was asked.

"The mayor of New York," Howie cracked. "They dug him up. I always get a dead guy in a pro-am."

The most mysterious thing of all was that on Sunday the sun bored through the storm for a while, even though a fine mist still fluttered down, and the wind came and went in its usual 30-to-40-mph gusts. But it looked like a wonderful day for a picnic compared to its predecessors.

So, elated with the weather and an early starting time, Dale Douglass, a thin pro from Colorado who has yet to win a tournament, hit 17 greens at Pebble Beach and added a 70 to his prior rounds of 71 at Cypress and 69 at Spyglass and took the tournament lead. Howie Johnson could stop only a 71 out of Cypress after his 71 at Spyglass and splendid 69 at Pebble on the worst day of all. He

was a stroke behind but playing his best in years.

Terrific. Arnold Douglass, followed by Jack Johnson. Golf's big two, right? Wrong. It was a quiet, scholarly looking guy—Douglass—who once took a 19 on a single hole at the Crosby and Johnson, who in 1958 beat Arnold Palmer in a playoff for the Azalea Open. Would any of Monday's gallery recognize them when everyone moved to Pebble for the final round? Would anyone be left to care besides Bing? Those were questions everyone panned down around Carmel took to their Irish coffees and hot baths Sunday evening.

Since the tournament should have ended by then, it was natural that Monday would be glorious. There were still a lot of puddles of water around, but the sun beamed down on all, especially on big George Archer, the one "name" in contention. Archer shot a steady 71 for a five-under-par 283, quite a remarkable total considering the weather, and a victory by one stroke over Douglass, Johnson and Dickson, who closed with a spectacular 68. Dickson did team up with Actor Jack Ging to capture the pro-am when Tommy Shaw's amateur partner, Richard Crane, finally ran out of luck.

In the end George Archer didn't need any luck. His sideburns standing out like the dual rudders of a catamaran, he managed to navigate through sun, storm and spindrift to bring the Crosby back to soggy but solid ground.

END

THE MEET OF THE FUTURE IS NOW

The first track carnival ever held in the Astrodome got off to a slow start, but there were signs that it is going to pick up speed **by TEX MAULE**

Under the spurious, latticed sky of Houston's Astrodome the U.S. Track and Field Federation put on last weekend what must surely be the indoor track meet of the future. For the present, however, the field, which was diluted by competing meets at Albuquerque, Oakland, Seattle and Philadelphia, was far less spectacular than the setting. The banked, baby blue wooden track (five laps to the mile) is the biggest indoor track in the world, the coral wooden straightaway for the 100-yard dash and the 120-yard high hurdles is the longest indoor straightaway in the world; and the banks of red, orange, purple, yellow and royal blue seats are, well, the most colorful seats in the world.

The track meet was sandwiched between a couple of bullfights, an NBA doubleheader and a rodeo, and the track was partly laid while the bullring still occupied center stage. The track was made in Boston and cost Judge Roy Hofheinz, the Astrodome's impresario, some \$78,000 before it was all in place. It was announced that seven world records were

set in the Dome, but some of them should, at best, be marked with an asterisk. Most indoor tracks run 11 or 12 laps to the mile, and indoor records aren't generally recognized if the track has fewer than eight laps to the mile.

In the Astrodome an indoor meet lacks some of the urgency and sense of participation that animates meetings in arenas like the old Madison Square Garden, where many spectators were close enough to shake hands with the cup race winners when they took their victory laps. Moreover, although the crowds at Houston were good by conventional standards—16,312 on Friday and 14,063 on Saturday—when they gave voice in the Dome, the noise drifted up to the lofty ceiling and faded away.

The track was a bit spongy on the turns but almost as satisfyingly resonant as the boards at the old Garden, and the pounding feet of the big fields in the relays produced the same gratifying thunder that excites indoor track fans in smaller arenas. And although there were some 29,000 empty seats, this dis-

pelled rather than enhanced the gloom—you could see the gorgeous upholstery.

"I didn't expect to get my investment out on this meet," said Judge Hofheinz. "We have a five-year contract with the USTFF and, before it is over, this will be the biggest indoor meet in the world."

If one judges by Hofheinz' record, it probably will. In 1968, promoting everything from indoor motorcycle races to a Hubert Humphrey rally, he lured 3,499,900 people into the Astrodome. So far in 1969 he has had two bullfights and the track meet. Bullfights are by now an Astrodome feature; tucked away in what Hofheinz bills as the Eighth Wonder of the World are 16 mounted bull heads, and he has a whole stuffed bull on display at his ranch. What the judge is ever going to do with 16 bull heads is almost as much a mystery as what is to become of the 200 old Pullman cars he has parked on various sidings around town, although there is speculation that he will use the Pullmans during extravaganzas yet to come to house the overflow from the four motels he owns near the Dome.

Hofheinz has a commitment from the NCAA for the 1971 basketball championships and in 1970 he will hold the USTFF meet in mid-February. On this date he might come close to filling the Dome, which, of course, would set an attendance record for indoor track.

The meet last weekend was nicely run by Cleburne Price, who stages the Texas Relays, but only a handful of big names competed and some of these per-

The Astrodome houses the world's largest (what else?) indoor track—five laps to the mile—as well as the longest straightaway—125 yards.



formed poorly. Bob Seagren, after getting an award from the USTFF as its "Athlete of the Year," went out of the pole vault at 16 feet, and Ralph Boston was second in the long jump with a puny leap of 24' 4½".

The only names who came through were Willie Davenport, who set an automatic world record of 13.5 in the first 120-yard high hurdles ever run on boards, and Lennox Miller, who lowered Dave Sims' old record of 9.5 when he nipped Jim Green of Kentucky at the 100 in 9.4.

But Hofheinz hopes for full houses for indoor track in Houston next largely upon another 100-yard-dash winner. He is Kenneth Curl Jr., a 16-year-old junior at Houston's E.E. Worthing High School. Worthing is a Negro school, and Curl is an engaging youngster with an angelic expression, a wispy beard under his chin, which, he says, "I'm a little proud of" and more speed than Bob Hayes had at the same age.

After a sedentary start and under no great pressure, Curl won the high school division 100 in 9.6, a national high school indoor mark. His victory came as no surprise. Last year, at the age of 15, he ran a legitimate 9.5 and a wind-aided 9.3 and won both sprint championships in the Texas State High School Meet.

Curl is coached by Oliver Brown, who first met him at Crispus Attucks Junior High when Kenny was 12. "We'd have the boys run a 30-yard dash," says Brown. "The first three would be sprinters, the next three hurdlers and the next

three quarter-milers. Kenny ran 4.2 or 4.3—easily the fastest. I don't have him broad-jumping now, but he did 21' 11" when he was 14. In the 100 his knee lift and stride are perfect. He used to have a hunched start. I changed that, but now he has a tendency to swing his arms across his body."

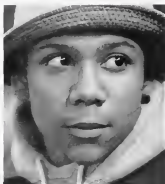
Curl, who is nicknamed both Biscuit and Yuk Yuk, the former from a mistaken notion that he has a penchant for salines, the latter because of his laugh, was a High School All-America in 1968, the fourth Brown has coached. "Ken can run a 9 flat in time," he says. "I never saw any sprinter who could match him at the same age, and he loves to work. He is a very serious competitor."

Curl is a serious student as well. He has a B+ average and takes algebra, chemistry, history, German and English. Next year he is going to study physiology and physics; he wants to be a doctor and at the moment leans toward Harvard. Half a dozen colleges have already approached him, but he has ignored them; Curl is exceptionally level-headed for one so young. For example, he could have gone to Washington High, where his father is an assistant principal (his mother teaches elementary school), but he chose Worthing because his teammates and Brown were there and he is determined to become the world's fastest human and to compete in the Olympics. "I look forward to it," Curl says softly, "the Olympics especially. That's the biggest track meet in the world. I guess if I won that, I would end my track career."

The football coach at Worthing, Johnny Peoples, wishes that Curl, who is 5' 10" and weighs 161, would end it right now. "I have a rule that I will never issue a football uniform to any boy who doesn't come out from the beginning of practice," says Peoples. "If Kenny comes out in midseason, there's a uniform for him."

"They tried to get me to play football," says Curl. "But I want to go to college on a track scholarship. I know if I got out there on the football field, they'd try to break me in half because of what I have done in the 100. Then there wouldn't be any scholarship in football or track. Sometimes I wish I could play football, though. I see them running and catching passes and I know I could do the same thing."

Curl did have a fling at running for of-



Ken Curl, 16, may be the next fastest human

fice last year but lost out by a few votes in the race for vice-president of the student council.

"They had the election two weeks after the state meet, and the training cut into my campaign," he says somewhat facetiously. "They kidded me a lot. Come up to me and say, 'How's the world's fastest human?' And I'd say, 'No, not now. Maybe next time.'"

Before his race in the Astrodome, Curl was notably loose. "I don't get nervous before a race," he said. "Sometimes guys try to psych me by saying they're going to beat me or I'm going to pull up lame, but I don't pay any attention to them."

Curl made one false start, stood fast through another, then got off late. He caught the leaders about 30 yards from the finish and pulled ahead easily with a fluid, floating stride reminiscent of Bobby Morrow's, to win by two yards.

"He hit a soft spot about 40 yards out," Brown said later. "That's where he usually cuts in the jets, and it shook him. He usually accelerates again between 60 and 80 yards and meets all challenges. His start might have been a little slow, because this is the first time he has run out of blocks since last May."

After his event Curl watched Miller win the open 100. Kenny was asked how he would have done if he had been in the race.

"I'd have done my best," he said.

Next year Curl's best should be about the best.

END



IT'S BOBBY ORR & THE ANIMALS

Boston's top rock group features an incomparable young defenseman, a nifty scorer and a supporting ensemble of hard noses. That is enough to make the Bruins a threat to end Montreal's reign in hockey **by MARK MULVOY**

Snoopy was standing there at the blue line, gritting his teeth and snarling as he listened to the last few words of the national anthem before the start of the hockey game. "Ten more seconds," he thought, "and I can clobber somebody." The Boston Bruins tacked the comic strip onto the bulletin board in their dressing room, and a player penciled in a final caption. "Snoopy could play for us."

So he could. The Bruins are the biggest, toughest, roughest, meanest, most penalized team in the National Hockey League this year. Led by the wondrous defenseman Bobby Orr (see cover) and Center Phil Esposito, who is on a scoring binge, the Bruins can also play hockey. They have a strong grip on first place in the East Division and are threatening to win their first championship and their first Stanley Cup since 1941. And this is only the start of what seems certain to be the next dynasty in the NHL.

The Bruins have lost only one of their last 21 games, despite a heavy run of injuries that Coach Harry Sinden hopes reached a climax last Thursday night when seven Boston regulars were unable to play in a 2-2 tie with the Red Wings in Detroit. Forward Tommy Williams (knee) and Defenseman Gary Doak (mononucleosis) both have been lost for the balance of the season. Derek (Turk) Sanderson, the brash 22-year-old center with the longest, thickest sideburns, the widest bell-bottoms and the biggest Cadillac in the league, did not play for a month because of an injured hip. And volatile Eddie Shack has been in only one game since he suffered

a mysterious hand injury just before Christmas.

During this siege, neither Sinden nor General Manager Milt Schmidt has cried poor mouth. Instead, they have reached down to Hershey of the American League and Oklahoma City of the Central Pro League and recalled some of their prize young prospects. According to hockey experts, the Bruins have more potentially outstanding young pros in the minor leagues than any other NHL club—not forgetting Montreal.

Oklahoma City, as usual, is leading the Central League. After scouting the Blazers one night a St. Louis Blues official decided that Oklahoma City right now probably could finish third in the West Division of the NHL. Toe Blake, retired coach of the Canadiens, challenged the Russian national hockey team, which is trying to schedule a grudge match against the NHL, to "go down to Oklahoma City and beat them first."

The young players called up during the injury crisis, particularly Don Marcotte, Wayne Cashman, Rick Smith and Jim Harrison, have performed like hardened Bruins. They have been rough and mean and not afraid to pick up penalties. Cashman started Boston to one victory when he smashed New York's Reggie Fleming with an elbow thrust. Smith has replaced Doak as the team's regular fifth defenseman. Harrison, who has been centering Sanderson's line the last month, has been the most adventurous replacement of all.

Harrison wears his sideburns almost as long and thick as Sanderson and plays with the same disrespect for his elders.

During his first shift in a game against the Canadiens in the Forum, Harrison successively ran at John Ferguson, Henri Rochford and Ted Harris. Harrison spent six minutes in the penalty box that night, but he so angered the Canadiens that they spent most of the game trying to retaliate and almost forgot about hockey. The Bruins won easily, and Harrison made the Montreal headlines.

Then, last week in Detroit, the 21-year-old rookie confronted Gordie Howe—the man you do not challenge—and the Red Wings for the first time. Slam. He put Howe into the boards. Later they collided again, and this time Howe's stick fell to the ice. Harrison looked at it, paused and then kicked it 30 feet down the ice. "He's what you'd call a disturber," says Milt Schmidt.

Such disturbances have helped the Bruins to accelerate their momentum during what could have been very difficult times. Orr, the 20-year-old marvel who gradually is replacing Bobby Hull as the league's most exciting player, and Esposito, who leads all scorers with 73 points and may become the first player ever to get 100 points in a season, have manipulated the assault so well that the Bruins are the league's highest-scoring team. Meanwhile, there has been the usual pugnacity by the other Bruins. Teddy Green, the team policeman—and an All-Star defenseman—has enforced law and order according to the Bruin code, with considerable help from Ken Hodges.

continued

Rookie Don Marcotte (27), one of Boston's fine fill-ins for injured players, digs for puck.





Top NHL scorer Phil Esposito, once in Chicago shedows, resolutely leans into a shot as Minnesota Defenseman Wayne Hillman Nigh-wicks him.

THE BRUINS *continued*

(who also has scored 26 goals), Johnny McKenzie, Don Awrey and both Cashman and Harrison.

The Bruins also have the league's most vociferous fans. They do not tolerate timid players. The fans particularly dislike players who wear helmets—the Bruins have none—and when they urge the team on, their choice of verbs is not Beacon Hill.

The Bruins have opened a sound seven-point lead over the flustering Canadiens, and that margin is likely to increase during the last two months of the season. When their regular players return from the sick list, the Bruins should play even better hockey. While the Bruins win and win, Montreal and the rest of the East Division seem to be groping.

The Canadiens have serious defensive deficiencies. Neither Gump Worsley, who gets along poorly with Coach Claude Ruel, nor Rogatien Vachon has been playing well in goal. The defense,

once the best in the league, cannot seem to clear the puck from its own zone with any regularity. J.C. Tremblay, once so brilliant, has had a disappointing year, and the Canadiens sorely need Terry Harper, who is out with knee troubles. For some reason Montreal cannot win at home in the Forum. The Canadiens have done better on the road. "Maybe we'll move to Detroit or someplace for the rest of the year," Ruel says, trying to manage a smile.

The four other East teams are battling for the last two playoff spots, and Toronto's young Maple Leafs are improving with every game. Chicago needs a fit Bobby Hull. Detroit has defensive problems, while New York, whose coach, Boom Boom Geoffrion, is "in seclusion" recuperating from a stomach attack, lacks muscle up front and stability on defense.

Boston, however, has it all. The goaltending just now is superior. Gerry Cheevers, the team wit, had to play 28 straight

games through the first part of the schedule while Eddie Johnston, the No. 1 Bruin goalie, was recovering from a severe concussion, and he was good enough to make the All-Star team. Johnston returned Thursday night and made 38 saves, a dozen of them larcenous, in the tie at Detroit.

With Orr and Green anchoring the defense, the Bruins easily have the best backline group in the league. They are strong and deep at center, with Esposito, Fred Stanfield, Sanderson and Harrison. "The key position on a team is center," says Esposito, "and I think we've got the best around. When Montreal won all those cups, they were always strong down through center. Now we've got the strength and the balance."

Esposito centers the first line for Hodge and Ron Murphy. It is the highest-scoring line in the league. Stanfield works between Johnny Bucyk and John McKenzie, both injured during parts of the season and still not playing back to

their usual form. Eddie Westfall, the Bruins' supersub, skates right wing for either Sanderson or Harrison, and whoever is well enough plays the left side.

Some improper Bostonians still find it difficult to believe the Bruins really are a quality hockey team. After all, they went eight years without making the playoffs before finishing third last season. Once in the playoffs, they were eliminated by Montreal in four straight games. "We were congratulating ourselves for finishing third," Orr says, "and before we knew it we were on our way home."

That is not likely to happen this year, for a number of reasons. First of all, the Bruins use their size and muscle (five of them weigh more than 200 pounds, four more better than 190) to establish the tempo of a game right at the start, and the opposition often loses its sense of purpose. Says Bud Poile, general manager of the Philadelphia Flyers, "When they drop the puck to start the game, the Bruins think it is a piece of raw meat. Do they go after it! I'm afraid my guys will desert the place some night." Sinden calls it "intimidation." Gordie Howe says, "If you find you can push someone around, then you push him around."

One night last month the Bruins chased the Rangers out of Madison Square Garden, down Pennsylvania Station and into the train tunnel. The refusal of the Rangers to offer even token resistance humiliated Geoffrion. "Never before have I seen a team do what the Bruins did to us tonight," he said. Playing Boston in the Garden, Coach Punch Imlach of the Maple Leafs started a line-up of five defensemen, hoping to fight off the Bruins' early assault. After only 18 seconds of play there had been three flare-ups, and both Teddy Green of the Bruins and Mike Pelyk of the Leafs were in the penalty box. Five more individual confrontations came quickly and, as it developed, the Bruins played shorthanded for almost seven minutes. The Leafs took a 1-0 lead on a power-play goal, but that did not matter. The Bruins had established their plan for the game. They won 5-3.

To fans in other NHL rinks Defense-man Green is the epitome of the bad guy. He is still the Bruins' cop, but now he patrols the beat with somewhat less crunch than during the Bruin years in

continued



Bad Man Teddy Green says he is mellowing.



Rugged Wing Ken Hodge is blasting in goals.

Comeback Goalie Ed Johnston survives rush by Detroit's Frank Mahovlich in 2-2 tie last week.





last place. "We're playing for first place," he says. "I can't spend all my time in the penalty box. Oh, I still like to hit, but I'm trying to play good hard hockey all the time. And, besides, that other life left its toll on my body. Four knee operations. Broken fingers. Broken knuckles. Broken a lot of things. I think, I know, I can play good hockey without being a nut on wheels. Maybe I'm mellowing. I'm not as punchy now. I get my kicks making a good pass or lugging the puck up ice." Wherever the Bruins play on the road, Green is always a special target for the fans' abuse. Last month, after a game in New York, some "leather throats," as Teddy calls New Yorkers, went after him. Green and two other Bruins jumped into a taxicab. About 35 fans surrounded the cab and started to rock it. Suddenly one of the Bruins kicked open the door and sent half a dozen leather throats sprawling to the ground. "You must be able to adapt to all situations," Green said.

One great adapter is Phil Esposito, who has developed into a center to rival the Canadiens' Jean Beliveau. "He's got a big reach and he's so strong," says Imlach. "My guys stand around and watch him move the puck like they're mesmerized." Esposito centered for Bobby Hull in Chicago two years ago, and every time Phil scored a goal he was called a "garbage player." "Let them say what they want," he shrugs. "I don't care if the puck goes in off my head. Here in Boston, though, I'm carrying the puck more. In Chicago we gave it off to the wings. And my wings here are getting me the puck from the corner. A center can't ask for anything more."

Esposito has become point-conscious as he battles the Hulls and Howes and Mikitas for the scoring championship. In Detroit last week he clearly set up the Bruins' first goal—passing to Cashman, who in turn passed to Hodge for an easy score. But the official scorer gave the second assist to Orr. After the game the Bruins protested the scoring, but the official was adamant and refused to change the call. "That might cost Phil \$1,000"—the value of the scoring title—Orr said after the game. Esposito's remarks could not be printed.

Finally, there is Bobby Orr himself.

There was some question six months ago whether Bobby would even be able to play hockey this season. He had seriously injured his knees during his first two years in the league. Doctors were huddling over his left knee more often than over Joe Namath's right. There were two operations, countless examinations and considerable worry, and Bobby could hardly skate when the Bruins went to training camp in September. He did not play in any of the team's exhibition games. However, he played opening night and has taken his regular shift ever since, about 37 minutes of ice time each game. "The knees get sore and stiff and sometimes they will swell up on me," Orr says, "but I can usually work it out pretty quickly."

Bobby already has scored 13 goals this year. He may become the first defenseman in 24 years to score 20 goals in a season. One night he turned the hat trick in Boston, and the Bruins' admirers covered the ice with some 75 hats—all sizes, shapes and colors. "Too bad I've never worn a hat," Bobby said. Orr is the darling of the Boston fans, except for one man who yells to him from the Garden's third balcony: "Hey, Orr, why don't you play defense for a change?"

When Bobby starts away on one of his rink-length rushes, the Garden—and any other arena—has an electric feeling. Bobby starts behind his net. If the opposition forechecks closely, he will weave his way through the traffic. Otherwise he charges out and moves either straight up center ice or down the right wing. He is a sure stickhandler who can control the puck at his fastest speed. "When he goes by my bench," says Punch Imlach, "I turn away so I won't have to watch."

Past the blue line, Bobby has two choices. He can try to set up a teammate with a crisp pass or he can stack-handle through the defense. Invariably he makes the right decision. At the completion of his rush Boston fans scream as if he were a Beatie or a Namath. Bobby has a hard, low shot from the blue line, and he aims the puck as if through the cross hairs of a gun scope. When goalies do stop him, they find themselves susceptible to rebounds. It is easy to see why Orr already has 31 assists this year.

Despite the worshipful atmosphere his artistry creates, Orr is a sensible young

man—and is one of the five highest-salaried players in the NHL. Earning more than \$50,000 a year from hockey, he has invested in a boy's camp in Orillia, Ontario and owns a car wash in Toronto.

"Money," he says, "I don't like to talk about. I don't know what you make; I don't think you should know what I make."

A bachelor, Bobby lives with Goale Johnston and Trainer Frosty Forristal in a rented home in Little Nahant, a shoreline suburb about 20 minutes north of the Garden. Bobby dates stewardesses, models, beauty queens (like the girl from Chatham, Ontario who waited for him outside the Detroit Olympia last week). No doubt he will remain a bachelor for some time to come. "I haven't traveled yet," he says. He introduced one stewardess friend to Johnston, and now he will be at their wedding in June.

On the ice Orr's travels frequently get him into scrapes, and he has proved to be one of the league's better fighters. He was tested by all the pugilists as a rookie and won more decisions than he lost. "I never had a fight in my life until I came to Boston," Orr said. "Some people think fighting is terrible, but I think the odd scrap—without sticks—is part of the game."

In his early fights Bobby always got in the first punch. He would throw his glove in the face of his opponent; then, while his man was trying to cover himself, Bobby followed with his best right. He has had a running feud with the Rangers' Reggie Fleming. One night Fleming bloodied Bobby's nose. "I was really mad," Bobby said. "I didn't want anyone to see me bleeding, so I kept sniffing, sniffing, sniffing. I don't know if it worked, though."

Orr has decided that Ted Harris, the Canadiens' defenseman, who is the best one-shot puncher in hockey, does not really like him. "We've been at it a few times, nothing serious, really, just the usual," he says. "I don't know what will happen next."

Well, if Bobby ever does experience any unexpected trouble, he can always call for Snoopy. The way the Bruins are playing, though, they will not need any extra help this year—and maybe not for several more years. Bobby Orr is only 20 years old. The Boston reign is just beginning. Snoopy may be a pretty old dog when it ends.

END

Bobby Orr races Pete Stenkowski for puck in Detroit as Johnston sprawls after a save.

ALL HE WANTS TO SAVE IS THE WORLD

Victor John Yannacone Jr. is nothing special to look at; he has to be heard. And there is, decidedly, nothing silent about Yannacone except the final "e" in his name. When he is outraged, as is frequently the case, his voice rises in pitch as it increases in volume until it resembles the terrible, putative wail of an Old Testament prophet. "Just look at this excrescence on the face of the earth!" Yannacone typically cried the other day as he drove past the Islip, N.Y. sanitary landfill project. "It is neither very sanitary nor very filling. They preincinerate garbage to warm it up for the rats!" That evening Yannacone showed color slides he had taken in Montana, which he had recently visited with his wife Carol and his 8-year-old son Victor John III. ("Victor's absence," Yannacone wrote his son's school, "was occasioned by a trip to Missoula with his parents, who were studying air pollution at the time. Victor saw the Mission Mountains, Flathead Lake and the herd of mountain sheep on Wild Horse Island, as well as a particularly massive example of industrial air pollution—the Hoerner-Waldorf paper-pulp mill . . . Please feel free to question him on his trip.") Nearly all of Yannacone's slides portrayed what he calls "the effluents of the affluent"—dismal columns of smoke or great layers of smog. "Pure crud!" he shouted as he flashed the slides on his living-room wall. "The rape of the West! You can't see the purple mountain's majesty, much less the fruited plain. Oh, what a putrescent excrescence on the face of the globe!"

Yannacone, an exclamatory, 32-year-old Patchogue, N.Y. lawyer and Sunday-school teacher who was once the state's youngest Eagle Scout, is not, of course, alone in being infuriated by the rape of the West (and East), but he may be the only one who is wholly convinced he can do something about it. To perform this feat, Yannacone has become a trustee of the Environmental Defense Fund—or, as he dolefully refers to it, the Fundless Environmental Defenders.

"Vic really thinks he can save the world," says Dr. Charles F. Wurster Jr., assistant professor of biological sciences at the State University of New York at Stony Brook and chairman of EDF's Scientists Advisory Committee. "He's

He is Vic Yannacone (right), fiery attorney for the Environmental Defense Fund, the nation's most militant conservation group, and he hauls into court those who wantonly defile our habitat **by GILBERT ROGIN**

a brilliant guy. If you aim him in the right direction he'll raise holy hell."

The Environmental Defense Fund, Inc. of Brookhaven, N.Y., which was founded 16 months ago, is the most militant of the nation's 150 conservation organizations. "We're hawks," says Wurster, not without relish, "but we operate entirely within the sociolegal structure. We don't block traffic. We don't sit in. We don't riot." In fact, EDF would rather not be counted among conservation groups. "Conservationists are a nice, placid, quiet, law-abiding group of citizens," says Wurster, "some of the best we've got, but they have a way of talking to themselves in a closed ecosystem. They are legally weak, scientifically naive and politically impotent. They lack an offense. EDF isn't content to do things in the usual, slow way with limited accomplishment. We want to do more faster, even if we have to crack a few skulls."

It is EDF's position that the traditional appeals of conservationists, largely based on esthetic and emotional grounds, to the legislative and administrative branches of government are too often ineffectual and that the last, and perhaps the only, hope lies in going to court armed with irrefutable scientific evidence. EDF's motto: Sue the Bastards.

EDF believes that the people of the U.S. are constitutionally entitled to the full benefit, use and enjoyment of the environment, and that natural resources must be administered in trust by one generation for the next. "Unfortunately, the Constitution says nothing about biospheres," Wurster admits. This omission has not, however, deterred EDF from bringing legal action against those who

degrade the environment; Yannacone ingeniously rings in the "due process" and "equal protection" clauses of the Fifth and 14th Amendments, as well as the entire Ninth: "The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people."

The commonplace that a lawsuit is a last resort runs counter to one of Yannacone's laws: "Litigation is like a club. It's got to be used or it becomes a dead-weight." In a rousing address he delivered to the 1967 National Audubon Society convention, Yannacone promulgated what amounts to the EDF manifesto. "Sad experience," he said, "has shown that at this time in American history, litigation seems to be the only way . . . to focus the attention of our legislators on the basic problems of human existence, short of bloody revolution. Conservationists cannot riot in the Everglades, for who would notice but the few remaining great denizens of the swamp? Look to the 50-year history of the human-rights struggle in the American courts. Look to the success of the American labor movement and the surprising survival of General Motors in spite of the court's recognition of the rights of the United Auto Workers. All of the major social changes which have made America a finer place to live have their basis in fundamental constitutional litigation. Somebody had to sue somebody before the legislature . . . took long-overdue action."

In slightly less emotional moments, Yannacone argues that the conservation movement has rarely influenced Congress because legislators are often no longer responsible to the people but cater



to special-interest groups whose concerns only occasionally coincide with those of the public. Appeals to administrative agencies are equally fruitless, he claims, since, to paraphrase his rhetoric, the original purpose of these agencies has been perverted and they act as judge, jury and executioner of their own actions without regard to the will of the electorate. "Yannacone's Law," says Yannacone "Civilization declines in relation to the increase in bureaucracy."

His greatest wrath, however, is reserved for another popular tactic of conservationists—the letter to the editor. "Don't write letters!" he shrieks. "Do something! Yannacone's Law: When someone shoves, shove back. Don't write sterile prose. A letter to the editor! Bleahhh!"

Yannacone has an almost reverential regard for the law. "Litigation," he says, "frames the issues as no other procedure short of physical combat can. I practice law with the philosophy that if there is something that morally must be done, there is a legal way to do it. Of course, you've also got to make the thing swing. If it doesn't swing you're going to get yawned out of court."

In fact, Yannacone's faith in the judicial process is seemingly boundless. In the course of a recent trial he told the judge, "When it comes to a determination of my sanity and my ability to face the world, I will take the lowest magistrate God ever made to the greatest psychiatrist in the world."

EDF doesn't bring personal-damage suits, such as the unsuccessful action which Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy initiated against the Department of Agriculture in 1957, alleging possible damage to a few private, organic gardens by the federal gypsy-moth control program on Long Island. EDF contends that such suits are futile and demeaning and enable the court to evade the central issue, which in this case should have been the inherent danger in the outdoor use of DDT, which would cause serious, permanent and irreparable damage to the environment. EDF brings class actions, or those on behalf of a class or group too numerous to be brought into court, and it doesn't seek money damages but injunctive relief and a declaration of the public's rights.

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EDF's lawsuits are based on the equitable rule of law, "so use your own property as not to injure another's," and the determination of the highest and best use of a resource, or that use which diminishes it the least and benefits man the most—what Regional Planner Ian McHarg calls the highest social value at the least social cost.

"Organized conservation has so far failed to make a scientific determination of values, costs and uses," says Yannacone. "Everybody with a conventional conservation background recoils at the notion that esthetic value has no market value as far as the Army Engineers are concerned. To win in court today you must write off scenic beauty, write off all but dollars and cents. If, for example, you want to save the Everglades, you have to show not only that it's a unique, national natural resource of enormous value and that, say, digging canals will cause serious, permanent and irreparable damage, but that the damage is measured by the ascertainable replacement cost. If the Everglades is drained and ecologically destroyed so that it is incapable of renewing itself and is replaced by sugar plantations and real estate, its new value is that of the real estate, rent and net sugar-crop yield. However, the cost to society is the difference between this figure and that of replacing the Everglades, which is astronomical but computable. This technique begins to show the real social cost of so-called public improvements.

"The conservation movement has been plagued with the assumption of a defensive position at the outset. Rather than asserting rights and demanding justice, organized conservation has been educating each generation to the position that the natural environment is absolutely subject to ruthless, unscientific, ecologically suicidal degradation in the quest for private gain. Conventional conservationists have been and still are saying that they must buy their national heritage at the price set by the exploiters. For instance, the National Audubon Society, whose efforts in conservation education are unequalled, has recently purchased the ecological integrity of Corkscrew Swamp Sanctuary on the north side of the Everglades National Park. To save the sanctuary from the ecological damage which would follow from wholesale development of the surrounding land by speculative subdivision build-

ers, National Audubon mounted a campaign to buy the land from the developers at a cost in excess of \$500,000 rather than take legal action to prevent any use of the land which would damage the fragile Corkscrew ecosystem—a demonstrable, national natural resource unique in the continental U.S. What would Audubon have risked if it sued? It would have commenced a quick, relatively inexpensive federal declaratory judgment action and have secured a determination of the rights of the people within a year, assuming the matter was appealed to the Supreme Court. The pendency of the action would have temporarily prevented damage to the area and would have furnished sufficient time to raise funds to purchase the property should the action have been lost."

Yannacone would have used somewhat different tactics to save the redwoods. "The Sierra Club, whose magnificent publications have awakened the country to the imperiled beauty of the West," he says, waxing grandiloquent, "has devoted its energies to educating Congress and the state of California to the value represented by the redwoods. The result: a national-park bill which, though welcome, is not wholly satisfactory from an ecological standpoint. We aver that there could have been a bigger, better park sooner. EDF suggested a year ago that legal action be taken to declare the redwoods a national natural resource and to establish the rights of the people to it. I contend there is a fundamental rule of law in the English and Civil law jurisdictions that no private citizen can cheat the sovereign nor can any private citizen hold the sovereign to a bad bargain. If you investigate title to the redwoods you will find that they were all originally acquired from some government at a relatively low price. There is no question that by the power of eminent domain government can reacquire the redwoods it gave away. The lumber companies claim they must be paid at today's standing timber prices. I claim they are entitled to their cash investment, plus taxes, plus interest, plus the cost of removing their operations. Only a court can decide the issue. It's worth a try. What does it cost? A lot less than a big ad campaign and winning and dining Congressmen. What's the worst that can happen? You lose. At least you'd know where you stood."

Vic Yannacone attributes his abun-

dant public spirit to his father, with whom he is associated in the practice of law—mostly workmen's compensation and personal-injury matters. He vividly recalls, when he was 5 or 6, walking with his father through Herald Square, which in those days was ornamented with a statue of William E. Dodge. Yannacone Sr. told Yannacone Jr. that a memorial to a robber baron was "a pretty poor example to youth." After he persistently expressed much the same sentiment to Mayor La Guardia, the statue was removed.

When Yannacone graduated from high school he had 34 scholarship offers and the ambition to become a doctor—more precisely, a biophysicist specializing in electrophysiology. He recently lamented that his Nobel Prize had been wrested away from him. "I was going to set the world on fire by making sense out of electroencephalograms," he moaned. "All of a sudden comes this book from Russia—*Mathematical Analysis of The Electrical Activity of the Brain*. I've been scooped!"

Yannacone attended Syracuse, New York University and Kalamazoo College without taking a required course or getting a degree. In fact, he only got one A—in Theory of Coaching Football. "When I was in eighth grade I decided I was going to be a football player," he explains, "so I read every book about football in the New York Public Library." Yannacone claims to have introduced the wing T to Kalamazoo, where he played second-string quarterback.

At the end of his junior year, Yannacone grew disenchanted with medicine and enrolled at Brooklyn Law School. But law school also failed to gratify him. "I couldn't stand it," he recalls. "It was an unbelievably dull, overcomplicated system. It so happened that Brooklyn Polytech was in the same building, so I cut classes to audit electronics courses. I flunked contracts and got a D in torts." Nonetheless, he passed his bar exam and went on to do graduate work at New York Law School, which happened to be around the corner from the downtown campus of Fordham, where he concurrently took a number of philosophy courses.

As a result of his almost demonic eclecticism, Yannacone has made himself formidably learned. In his résumé he lists under the heading "Special Marketable Skills" optical design and fabrication,

histological laboratory techniques, electronic laboratory techniques, offset lithography techniques and so forth on down to having a commercial radio-telephone license and playing the baritone sax. Yannacone is a member of Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians and has performed with such jazzmen as Billy Mitchell, Uncle Budd Johnson and Johnny Mince. In addition, he is a member of the Brookhaven Symphony, for which he plays parts written for such obscure instruments as the ophicleide, a precursor of the tuba, and the serpent, an early bass horn.

The landmark lawsuit which led to the formation of EDF was *Yannacone vs. Suffolk County Mosquito Control Commission*, which was tried in the Supreme Court of New York at Riverhead during November 1966. It was the first action ever brought against environmental degradation that didn't involve the allegation of personal damages, the plaintiff, Carol A. Yannacone, suing individually and on behalf of all the people of Suffolk County to prevent the commission from using DDT for mosquito control.

Roland C. Clement, staff biologist of the National Audubon Society and one of EDF's most fervent supporters, has called DDT "the greatest technological panacea ever foisted on an unsuspecting public by the biologically illiterate and unscrupulous genius of American salesmanship." The manufacturers of DDT and their supporters in government just as passionately defend it, asserting that DDT has fed the starving millions of the world, reduced malaria, and is harmless to man. This is the kind of argument which exasperates Wurster, who is currently determining how the presence of DDT affects the accumulation of certain calcium deposits in pigeons. "We know all that," he says, "but it's irrelevant. DDT is much less effective than it once was because insects have become resistant to it, and we have learned many better ways of controlling them. Moreover, we now know that DDT is causing extremely serious damage to nontarget organisms, and may not be as harmless to man as was once thought."

The advocates of DDT attribute any harmful side effects to improper or indiscriminate use. But, in fact, there is no safe application of DDT in the external environment. "Company propaganda makes DDT sound like baby powder," says Wurster. "but you can't have the controlled, discriminate use of a chemical that is inherently uncontrollable when released outdoors."



ED S. WURSTER PREPARES TO INJECT ESTROGEN INTO A DDT-CONTAMINATED PIGEON

der," says Wurster. "but you can't have the controlled, discriminate use of a chemical that is inherently uncontrollable when released outdoors."

George M. Woodwell, staff ecologist of the Brookhaven National Laboratory and a frequent EDF witness, has dealt most cogently with an equally grave fallacy: "Toxic materials released into the environment are widely assumed to be diluted into innocuousness," he has written. "If there are local effects from the toxicity, they are transient, an abundant and vigorous nature repairing any damage within at most a few years—or they are accepted as small cost for technological progress. . . . So thoroughly ingrained is this philosophy that its corollary, the right to pollute, has become a second major philosophical and, for somewhat different reasons, legal assumption: we tend to require detailed scientific proof of direct, personal damage to man as a prerequisite for even consid-

ering restriction of any right to pollute."

However, as was first proved with radioactive fallout, and more recently with DDT, pollutants are not diluted but merely dispersed. Rather than becoming less toxic, DDT accumulates in the higher members of food chains, disastrously reducing reproduction in carnivorous birds and fish (SI, Nov. 4). And when predator populations decline, populations of lower members of food chains may explode to become new pests.

Furthermore, in the past few years it has been discovered that chlorinated hydrocarbon insecticides, including DDT, dieldrin and chlordane, induce certain enzymes in the liver, which decompose steroid sex hormones, creating a hormonal imbalance. Levels of DDT now present in the human environment cause such a breakdown in several laboratory animals, including rats, whose sex hormones, estradiol and testosterone, are thought to be identical to man's. These

continued

same levels, which are currently found in the human diet and stored in human fat, could result in a host of subtle changes. Alas, there is no way to be certain. It cannot be tested for, because everyone is now contaminated, and what is "normal" can no longer be determined.

"My contention in court," says Yannacone, "has been that if the circumstantial evidence against DDT were presented against a criminal he would be convicted without the slightest hesitation. If a man's liberty, and in some cases his life, can be taken upon the presentation of this kind of evidence, how can it be ignored for private profit and the benefit of limited-vision special interests? If the evidence against DDT were submitted to the Federal Drug Administration by a pharmaceutical house seeking to license a drug, that drug would never leave the lab. By what right do vested, limited-vision special interests compel every man, woman and child in this generation and those to come to absorb and carry these toxic materials in their tissues? Defending the continued use of DDT in the environment by an attorney

rather defend a known murderer so that his rights would be protected. In fact, a murderer should be entitled to greater protection than a corporation, which has no soul to save nor butt to kick."

Yannacone vs. Suffolk County Mosquito Control Commission also marked the first great marshaling of responsible environmental scientists as witnesses in a courtroom, which has become the backbone of EDF actions. Many of these original witnesses later became EDF trustees. Besides Yannacone and Wurster, the unsalaried trustees who comprise EDF's entire membership and staff are Carol Yannacone, Anthony Taormina, a regional director of fish and game of the New York State Conservation Department; Dennis Puleston, technical information officer, Brookhaven National Laboratory; Robert Smoliker, professor of biological sciences, State University of New York at Stony Brook; H. Lewis Batts, professor of biology, Kalamazoo College, and Biologist Arthur P. Cooley.

Although in *Yannacone vs. Suffolk County Mosquito Control Commission*, Judge Jack Stanislaw ruled that the legis-

lature rather than the court should determine whether the use of DDT should be regulated or eliminated, EDF did not regard the trial as a setback. The commission was enjoined from using DDT for two years, during which period it switched to less persistent chemicals and biological controls, and it has not used DDT since. Judge Stanislaw, who is a farmer as well as a jurist, vowed in court never to use DDT again and in his decision found that "the use of chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides does adversely affect Suffolk's natural resources . . . that DDT is a potentially harmful and inherently dangerous chemical . . . [that] DDT negatively reacts upon 'good' as well as 'bad' insects . . . [and that] other chemicals are perhaps at least equally available to control harmful insects."

In fact, Yannacone was rather elated by the outcome of the trial. "The value of the ruling is not in its holding," he says, "but in its decision: a court grappled with the most sophisticated problem of modern environmental science and rendered a decision which determined the real effect of DDT on the environment."

The first EDF case, which was tried last October, was against the Michigan Department of Agriculture (MDA), which intended to aerially deposit 5,600 pounds of dieldrin (the biological equivalent of half a million pounds of DDT) along the lakeshore in Berrien County to eradicate an "infestation" of Japanese beetles. Although the 2,800 acres it proposed to treat are primarily nonagricultural, MDA alarmed farmers and public alike by implying that the spraying was necessary to prevent the spread of the beetle into farmland, which would result in millions of dollars of crop damage, a quarantine of agricultural products and economic ruin. What MDA failed to mention was that adult beetles can be controlled by less hazardous insecticides regularly used by farmers (Sevin, Malathion, methoxychlor), and that the beetles are also subject to natural biological control—namely, various predatory insects, parasites and diseases, especially milky-spore disease. MDA, however, insisted it wanted to eradicate the grub, an ecological impossibility since Berrien County is contiguous with an area of a greater beetle population, which would act as a reservoir. Says Wurster, "Eradication should not even be attempted under such

EDF'S LANDMARK AIR-POLLUTION CASE WILL CENTER ON THIS MONTANA PULP MILL

circumstances, since natural control mechanisms are thereby also eliminated, creating a vacuum into which the pest population can explode. Control, not eradication, should be the goal."

MDA further asserted that the dieldrin would not enter Lake Michigan, although the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration had informed it that two chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides, DDT and dieldrin, had already been found in the lake, and that DDT had most probably caused the death of nearly one million coho salmon fry.

Yannacone filed suit against MDA in the U.S. District Court in Grand Rapids, but Judge Noel P. Fox dismissed the case on the grounds that the 11th Amendment prohibited suits in a Federal Court against a state by an out-of-stater. Undaunted, Yannacone turned to the Michigan Court of Appeals, also in Grand Rapids. Although this court had never heard a trial before, Yannacone convinced Judge John Fitzgerald to issue a temporary restraining order and grant EDF a hearing. However, Fitzgerald allowed Yannacone only six hours to present his entire case.

In the fourth hour Yannacone discovered that the infestation had been declared, because for a period of three months 435 traps in 100 square miles had captured 72 beetles. "There was pandemonium in the courtroom!" screams Yannacone. "Now we know why the milky-spore disease couldn't work. There were too few beetles! I asked Dean Lovitt of MDA how many beetles make an infestation. Answer, one beetle. If you squash the beetle, I said, will you end the infestation? Answer, yes. If there are two beetles and you squash them, will you end the infestation? Answer, yes. If you squash all 72 beetles will you end the infestation? Answer, yes. Although MDA presented no defense, the court decided that the department's discretion is not reviewable. I consider that a very narrow view."

The injunction was dissolved after the trial, but by then it was too late to apply the dieldrin. However, last September, MDA stated it was going to treat 5,600 acres with nearly 7,000 pounds of dieldrin. EDF went to the U.S. District Court in Milwaukee; Wisconsin shares the lake but is in a different federal circuit. "This time the Michigan Department of Agriculture said two beetles were an infestation," says Yannacone. "But

the judge ruled the case belonged in Michigan and sent it to Judge Fox, who indicated he would rule exactly as he had before."

At this point Governor Romney stepped in. He issued a statement saying that the dieldrin treatment was "the only feasible course of action," since if MDA didn't spray, private interests would. This Yannacone says is simply untrue. Romney further stated that the treatment would determine "more exactly the effects of 'hard' pesticides in our environment." Says Yannacone, "Just because Romney doesn't know the effects it doesn't mean no one knows."

However, as a result of this case, the Wisconsin Natural Resources Department agreed to hold a quasi-judicial hearing on the environmental effects of DDT. The petitioners' plea at this momentous hearing, which began last December, is an EDF production featuring Yannacone and a dozen topflight scientists whom Wurster rounded up. It is the first time that the full case against DDT has been presented in a judicial-trial context, and if Wisconsin eventually bans DDT it is expected that other states may well follow its lead.

Another blessing arising from the dieldrin action was that a suit EDF had filed simultaneously to restrain nine Michigan cities from using DDT for Dutch elm disease resulted in an EDF victory, the cities agreeing to cease and desist from applying the chemical. Says Wurster, "The city that depends upon DDT will eventually lose its elms. The elm-bark beetle that spreads the fungus disease breeds under dead or dying elm bark, so sanitation, or the removal of this breeding material, effectively controls the bark-beetle population, and thereby the disease. Buffalo and New York City held elm losses to a few 10ths of 1%, last year by sanitation alone." EDF later added 47 more Michigan cities to the suit, and nearly all have agreed to stop using DDT.

EDF's most recent action, which will be tried in March, is against the Hoerner-Waldorf Corp., which Yannacone terms the major polluter of the Missoula Valley. "The people of the valley live at the bottom of a veritable sewer of bad air," he says. "It affects human health, reduces ecological values and destroys the amenities of civilized life—the ability to breathe deeply and to appreciate the many delicate odors of na-

ture. You can't smell the flowers in Missoula, Montana!"

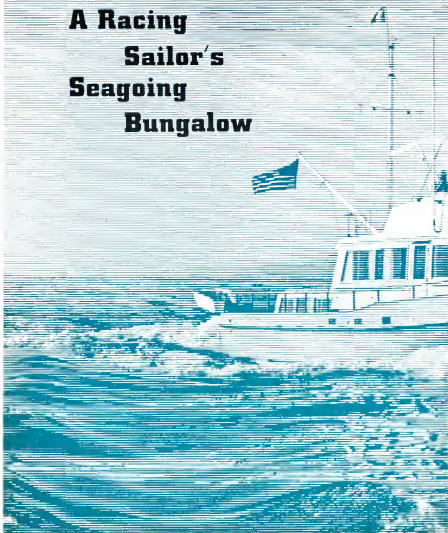
"Every day the Hoerner-Waldorf pulp mill releases thousands of pounds of hydrogen sulfide, mercaptans—the odoriferous constituent of skunk musk and rotten cabbage—and other noxious compounds. This is an ideal type of action because the defendant is singularly identifiable. One corporation is responsible for virtually the total degradation of the Missoula regional air shed. It is technologically capable of eliminating the pollution, and pollution control is also economically feasible. This presents an issue to the court it can't avoid—whether the right to breathe clean air is a constitutionally protected right. This one goes to the U.S. Supreme Court if we have to go broke doing it."

Indeed, EDF has only \$1,000 in its bank account. Among the actions it would undertake if it had more money would be the protection of such endangered species as the alligator. This is one of Yannacone's pet hypothetical projects. "Alligator poaching," he says, "is subsidized by the purchase and sale of furs in the world of high fashion. Eliminate the market and you eliminate the basis of poaching. The people have a constitutional right to the widest diversity of speculation consistent with the principle of natural selection. I would challenge the premise that anyone can wipe out an animal species and infringe this right of all the people for corporate profit or vainglorious display."

However, Yannacone is not too hopeful that EDF will survive to tackle this case or any others. He feels that the success of citizen recourse to the courts poses too severe a threat to the vast corporations and the great law firms who are their agents in exploiting the environment.

"Is it any wonder," Yannacone said the other day, crescendo, "that when you look at the immoral advance of the corporate position against the public interest by the country's best-paid and most-respected legal minds, that lesser legal talents fear to tread new paths or rediscover old principles? These are the men who write the laws behind which their corporate clients hide. These are the men who most fear opening the door to the courthouse to the plea of the people for natural justice. But if the door to the courthouse is closed—the door to the street may be opened." **END**

**A Racing
Sailor's
Seagoing
Bungalow**





After a lifetime of sailing competition, a three-time Bermuda winner has given up racing but never the sea. On these pages he describes the powerboat he chose to succeed his famed 'Finisterre'

by Carleton Mitchell

The clerk at Tortola could not decipher my signature, so I spelled out my name. Standing alongside was the skipper of a small sloop also waiting to clear into the British part of the Virgin Islands. He looked from me to the chartered diesel trawler anchored offshore and exclaimed: "The man from *Finisterre* aboard a stinkpot! Now I've seen everything."

My transition was a long time in the making. Even prior to *Finisterre*'s third Bermuda Race victory in 1960 she and I had mentally retired from competition, but I knew that I could never retire from the sea, the feeling of being on and of the water. As a result, I began to fill a large manila envelope labeled PROJECT HOME AFLOAT with notes, sketches and clippings. Soon it became apparent that what I sought was a marine conveyance, seaworthy, easy to handle and with range enough to undertake extended passages—at the same time one that offered creature comforts comparable to a small bungalow on the shore. Thus there wasn't any choice for me except to consider a hull driven wholly by mechanical means—a powerboat, to use a term at first nasty in its connotations.

continued

Wheel, navigation instruments and bar are all together at the steering station so that her master can serve at once as pilot and host.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TED LOONHOUTY





'Sans Terre' *continued*

In pursuit of knowledge, partially of self, I chartered a 36-foot Grand Banks cruiser in the Virgin Islands. Before my charter was half over, I realized that I had managed to squeeze in more skin diving, reading, eating, sleeping, sunbathing and just plain contemplating the universe than I had in the last two seasons aboard *Finisterre*. Days began with a dawn plunge over the side and ended with a last look round at the stars from the upper deck. Meals were fuzzy affairs under an awning on the back porch—pardon, in the after cockpit. Without difficulty, I convinced myself that my cynical sailing cronies had it all wrong: turning to a powerboat was not a time of life but a way of life.

Half the pleasure of building a boat is fussing over the details that make it personal. As *Finisterre* had exactly mirrored my wishes and needs 15 years earlier, so I wished *Sans Terre*—which can be translated “free from the land”—to represent what I wanted for the cruising I had in mind. My first premise was to keep my boat as small as possible. The hull form and general layout developed by the designers of trawlers adapted itself very well to my notions: a forward cabin sleeping two with its own hanging locker, head and shower; a deckhouse containing the navigational and electrical center as well as the lower steering station, a galley—comparable to a small ranch house kitchen—with a dining banquette that would convert into a berth as short-term accommodations for one or two guests; and an after cabin that would also qualify as a study/office. The engines and auxiliary equipment would live under the deckhouse, and atop would be the most desirable feature of the

continued

The artist has sliced “Sans Terre” in half from bow to stern to show in detail the fittings and furnishings on her port side (for key turn page).



I wanted to make it an office, as well, complete with files and a typing desk.

I wanted a spilly look below: bright colors, imaginative bathroom fixtures.

To accommodate guests, I planned a dining alcove convertible to a berth.



whole layout—a flying bridge wide open to wind and sun.

While I wanted total simplicity on deck—no varnished surfaces and no brass to polish—I saw no reason why my little ship shouldn't be pretty spiffy below. bright colors to contrast with the warmth of natural wood, antique delft tiles around the cabin fireplace, imaginative bathroom fixtures. Plus a few photographs and half-models as a nostalgic reminder of past vessels. By day my stateroom would be a sitting room/study, opening into the after cockpit, so both could form part of the usable living space. By night the sofa would convert into a bunk. A system of sliding doors would enable the occupants of the after cabin and the deckhouse to share the after head/shower with mutual privacy.

The only problem was that I didn't know anything about hull design. I had plenty of theories about the icing but didn't know how to bake the cake or even what kind of pan to put it in. My experience with off-shore powerboats had mainly been aboard the hottest of hot rods. I shuddered at the memory of pounding into head seas with a force to shatter crockery below, of sickening rolls

that seemed to be going right on around when the wind was on the beam. Yet the trawler I chartered in the Virgin Islands had exhibited none of these characteristics. Thus I came to the final link in the long chain of groping: why not select a stock hull, a vessel with most of the bugs eliminated by trial and modify the interior to my own specifications?

I made inquiries to American Marine, Ltd., which builds Grand Banks cruisers in Hong Kong. This is a family enterprise began in 1958 by Robert J. Newton, who had spent most of his life in the Orient. Blueprints and specifications indicated their 42-footer might be altered to give me everything I wanted. The standard model complete with twin 120-horsepower Ford diesel engines would cost \$44,410, and layout changes could be made almost at will so long as the structural bulkheads remained as designed. This was agreeable to me, as it not only divided the interior as I wanted but provided three hull compartments that could be made individually watertight, each with its own bilge pump for additional safety.

Standard tanks held 660 gallons of fuel against an estimated consump-

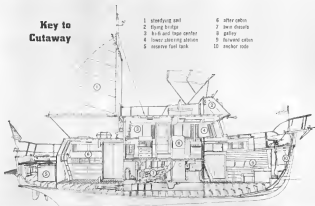
tion of 5.5 gallons an hour at cruising rpm. At nine knots this translates to approximately 1,200 miles, which could be appreciably stretched by going slower or almost doubled by running on one engine. There was readily accessible space below for auxiliary equipment, such as a 110-volt generator, refrigeration compressor, freshwater maker, automatic-pilot drive unit and other items that seemed to contribute to the good life afloat. All interior joiner work could be of teak, a wood almost as common as pine in the Orient.

Our correspondence culminated with me writing I would come to Hong Kong during construction if American Marine was willing to work with me on the modifications and extras I wanted. It was.

The result was the vessel shown in detail on these pages, my new *Sans Terre*, which slid down the ways a few months ago weathered in the smoke of burning joss sticks and a froth of champagne, thus combining the best of two worlds. I expect it to be symbolic. For I do not consider I have thrown in the yawting sponge—I have merely widened my scope. Home is where the keel is.

Key to Cutaway

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------|
| 1 steering sail | 6 after cabin |
| 2 flying bridge | 7 twin diesel |
| 3 keel and rudder center | 8 galley |
| 4 lower steering station | 9 forward cabin |
| 5 reserve fuel tank | 10 anchor rode |



Those who paid \$83 apiece for tickets to a charity hockey game at New York's Rockefeller Center rink were privileged to see **Steve Lawrence** score three goals in the first game of his life, **Eydie Gorme** fall on her funny and **Skitch Henderson** fall on his head. "I didn't realize you had to look where you're going," said Skitch, "and consequently I had the aft portion of my skull reshaped."

"**Muhammad Ali** will box again," says **Stepin Fetchit**, the champ's old comic relief man. "He'll be back in the ring because the only thing that can defeat him is age." Fetchit further revealed that the wrong end of a shotgun had accomplished what such heavy artillery as **Sonny Liston** and **Cleveland Williams** failed to do—brained that pretty Ali kisser. Said Fetchit, "The champ told me the shotgun had bolted on him when he was hunting in Alabama. He said he aimed it in

front of his face by sighting down the barrel."

When **John H. Reed**, the former governor of Maine, landed in Portland recently, he didn't expect a welcoming committee. But as he stepped off the plane he was met by TV newsmen, a newspaper photographer, a contingent of Boy Scouts and Scout leaders and a team of huskies, which were hitched to a cart. The Scouts handed the dazed Reed a pair of snowshoes, hustled him into a fur parka, plunked him in the cart and before you could say "mush" he was rolling across the air strip. When Reed circled back, a Scout leader told him how much he resembled former Governor Reed. "But I am former Governor Reed," said Reed. It seems he had been mistaken for an associate editor of *Snowing Magazine*, who was coming in to cover a winter survival course and missed the flight. "I thought he looked awfully familiar," said another Scout leader.

The girl **Miller Jim Ryan** calls his own will wear track shoes and sweat pants and smell of cologne? The suit **Jim** bought **Anne Snider** before their wedding in Bay Village, Ohio wasn't of satin and laces, but then few warm-up outfits are. Ryan worked off any pre-ceremony jitters in characteristic fashion, and in the interest of togetherness his bride-to-be and her father, also wearing a gift suit, jogged alongside. Anne's mother didn't join them, but the track shoes Jim gave her enabled her to whirl through the household chores.

Bob Short, the new owner of the Washington Senators, was recently introduced at a baseball banquet as "the only man who bought a ball club so he could make sure it stayed at his hotel." Short, who also owns the Leamington Hotel in Minncap-



olis, was asked whether the team would stay there when it played the Twins, rather than at the Radisson, where it has bedded down in the past. "What do you think?" he replied.

Now on the University of California Board of Regents, **Robert O. Reynolds** may soon be yearning for the idyllic days when he was merely president of the California Angels and vice-president of the Los Angeles Rams. After all, what are eighth-place finishes and muttony players compared to the troubles in the groves of Academe?

Passions are high at San Francisco State, but Acting President **S. I. Hayakawa**, relaxed and decaive from participating in his favorite sports, has kept classes open. "Fishing is good for thinking," he says, "whether you are bringing them in or just waiting, while fencing trains the eye and the responses." A new sport at San Francisco State is window breaking, but Semantist **Hayakawa** has been prudently wordless on its virtues. A while back his sports car rolled down a hill and broke a glass door in the now-famous administration building.

Hockey may be a curious passion for a type like **Tiny Tim**, but he does have this thing for **Gordie Howe**. "He's so wonderful," gushes **Tiny**, who requested a seat next to his hero on the Detroit Red Wing bench. "People throw things at him wherever he goes," **Tiny's** manager explained. "He figures he'll be safe next to Gordie." The NHL thumbed down the seating plan, but Howe admitted, "If he likes hockey he can't be all bad." Undaunted, **Tiny** sent Gordie an autographed copy of his latest album. The inscription: "Keep puckering those nets."

Louise Rose, a member of the dwindling, largely impoverished aboriginal race that populated Australia before the advent of the English in 1788, has been named Australian of the Year. The world bantamweight champion is the first nowhere to have gained this distinction, which previously was conferred on such as **Joan Sutherland**, the opera singer, and **Robert Helpmann**, the choreographer. Said **Rose** when informed of the award, "A hundred and eighty years ago one of my mob would have been a dead cert for this."

Handy sales tool

("Handy" is putting it mildly. At Poly-Tech Corporation, the phone is essential.)

Poly-Tech Corporation, Minneapolis, manufactures polyethylene film and bags. All are made to order. And 99% of the orders are handled by phone. Percy Ross, President, and Steven Ross, Vice President, feel that their eleven telephone salesmen accomplish more in five minutes on the phone than they could in an hour in person.

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High flight for an Oriole

After three months in Puerto Rico Frank Robinson knows one thing for certain: he can manage. He may become the majors' first Negro pilot

Had it been equipped with chains and a couple of high-grade manacles at the time of construction, the manager's office in the home-team clubhouse at Hiram Bithorn Stadium in San Juan, Puerto Rico could have served perfectly as Hollywood's version of a World War II prisoner-interrogation room. Two lights, one of which works, hang from the high ceiling, sending eerie shadows across the gray cinder-block walls. There are no windows and, since the blue door cannot be locked from the inside, any attempt to accomplish a successful suicide in privacy would be, at best, an even-money bet.

When Frank Robinson, the man who used this office for the last three months as manager of the Santurce Crabbers of the Puerto Rican winter league, entered it before games he took a rag and bore down hard with both hands trying to remove the carpet of dust that had settled on his desk. Next he folded a can of *Real-Kal* in one of his giant hands and sprayed it into the air, hoping the insecticide would live up to its promise to rid the premises of "moscos, mosquitoses, zancudos and cucarachas" or at least bring some of them to their knees so that he could finish off the job with his white shower sandals.

Puerto Rico is a nice place to visit and—for many—a nice place to live, but unless you really thought you had something to prove you certainly would not want to manage a baseball team there. Santurce is "the big club" of the six-team league, and Hiram Bithorn Stadium, named after the first successful Puerto Rican major-leaguer, is the palace at Versailles when compared to the stadiums in Ponce, Caguas, Mayaguez and Arecibo. A game at Bithorn, used for home games by both the Crabbers and the San Juan Senators, resembles the rumble scene in *West Side Story*, and when the action crackles, the fans

act as if they were involved in the finals of a sprinting-for-distance contest.

Although the league gets little attention in the United States, it serves as a place to either develop young players with major league potential or to breathe new life into performers who were injured during the preceding big-league season. Within recent years the Detroit Tigers used the Mayaguez club to help develop Mickey Stanley, Jim Northrup and Denny McLain, and in just the past four years Managers Larry Shepard of Pittsburgh, Preston Gomez of San Diego, Cal Ermer, formerly of Minnesota, and Earl Weaver of Baltimore have all worked in the Puerto Rican League on their way to the majors.

Normally, owners in the league hire either experienced minor league managers or such popular native players as Luis Arroyo, Vic Power, Roberto Clemente or Ossie Virgil to handle their teams. Last September, however, Hiram Cuevas, the witty and acrobatic owner of the Crabbers, signed Robinson, and if baseball people wondered then what Cuevas and Robinson were up to, they do not now. The experiment in Santurce has ended, and Robinson, the first U.S. Negro ever to manage an integrated professional baseball team, brought a pennant to Santurce while earning the title of "Manager of the Year."

At the age of 33 and one of only nine men who will enter the 1969 U.S. season as a \$100,000 player (the others are Henry Aaron, Roberto Clemente, Don Drysdale, Bob Gibson, Mickey Mantle, Juan Marichal, Willie Mays and Carl Yastrzemski), Robinson brought to his work a flair that now places him in the forefront of potential candidates for appointment as the first Negro manager in the major leagues.

What makes Robinson's prominence all the more remarkable is that his playing career, both in Cincinnati and Bal-

timore, has always been surrounded by controversy. Robinson freely admits that when he first came up to the Reds, Detroit seemed incapable of producing enough automobiles to fill the showcase of his own mind. Given to carrying large sums of cash—as much as \$2,500 at a time—Robinson bought a Beretta .25 to help protect himself and he was picked up with it on his person in 1961 after an altercation in a restaurant. Although Reds General Manager Bill DeWitt knew that Robinson had been apprehended, he let his star stay in jail overnight and Robinson was later fined \$250. When Robinson arrived at spring training in Tampa the following spring, Fred Hutchinson, the Cincinnati manager, greeted him in typical Hutchinson fashion, saying, "That was a stupid thing to do." Robinson agreed, and since that time his feuds have been mostly about scoring decisions.

Certainly he has been one of baseball's finest players. Traded from the Reds to Baltimore in 1965, he left behind him in the National League a lifetime batting average of .303 and an average of 100 runs driven home per season. When he moved over to the Orioles he promptly won the American League's Triple Crown as well as its Most Valuable Player Award, thus making him the only player ever to be judged most valuable in both leagues. His reputation as a tough competitor is attested to by the black and blue marks he has left on numerous double-play combinations while sliding. His challenging batting stance, with head and arms out over the plate, has caused him to be hit more than 125 times, sometimes even unintentionally.

Recently Robinson sat in his office in San Juan making out his lineup card for the opening of the playoffs of the Puerto Rican League. Because the Crabbers have only one home and one road uniform, Robinson was faced with having to wear the same suit for 14 straight days. That possibility, unfortunately, was erased when San Juan defeated Santurce in the seventh game of the semifinals and eliminated the pennant-winning Crabbers from the playoff finals.

"I took this job," Robinson said, "because I wanted to try managing. The day is coming when baseball will hire a Negro manager. I'm interested. I got my chance after Earl Weaver took over from Hank Bauer as manager of the Orioles.



ROBINSON, INTENT AND AGGRESSIVE THROUGHOUT THE SEASON, LECTURES HIS BENCH

A big-league manager does not have the time to work down here, so Earl was nice enough to suggest to Hiram Cuevas that he hire me. Cuevas knows almost everybody in the Baltimore organization. He looks at as many of the Orioles players as he can, trying to build a team to play for him once the season in the States is over."

Cuevas talked to Robinson in Baltimore, liked what he heard and signed him. Cuevas, who bought the Crabbbers from his father some years ago, is the only independent owner in the league. While most of the other teams are made up of a couple of very young minor league prospects and a few guys named Jose, the Crabbbers are strong, thanks to the Baltimore connection. From Cuevas' standpoint, his team has to be. Baseball is his sole source of revenue.

The Santurce roster, like all the others in the league, consists of 23 players, eight of whom make up the maximum number of "imports." Examining the team Robinson managed, one would get the idea that it was far and away the league's best. It was, but to handle it was something else. One of his pitchers was Juan Pizarro, a problem to every manager he has worked for as the United States. Another is 41-year-old Ruben Gomez, the man Joe Adcock once chased off the mound at Milwaukee's County Stadium with a bat after Gomez had

thrown at him too closely too many times. The first and third basemen, George Scott and Joe Foy, spent most of the 1968 season in Manager Dick Williams' rather expansive doghouse in Boston. Shortstop Leo Cardenas once pulled an ice pick on Pitcher Jim O'Toole during the 1964 Cincinnati pennant drive. And Second Baseman Julio Gotay is a fine hitter but bedeviled by the specter of evil spirits. Robinson had to stop one game and race out to see why Gotay would not go near second. Gotay pointed at two crossed sticks that were spooking him. Later, when Robinson was bounced out of the game, Gotay blamed the voodoo rather than the umpire.

"As a player," Robinson says, "I never took the game home with me. When slumps came up I figured I was a good enough hitter to ride them out. As a manager I took things home with me night after night, replaying the games and the situations. Once we pulled a squeeze play in a very unlikely spot and messed it up but I know the play was right. Nobody on the opposing team anticipated it.

"The idea of managing first got into my head in 1964. I always studied the game best I could, but sometimes it is hard to do that from the outfield. The manager is the guy who has to do with the team, and unless you try it once you never know what it is like. You

must learn all the different personalities and get each of the players involved. I played for a lot of different managers—Joe Schultz, Birdie Tebbets, Fred Hutchinson, Dick Sisler, Hank Bauer and Earl Weaver are some. In the last couple of years I've started to ask questions about why certain moves were made and that has helped.

"Hutchinson, of course, you had to remember. He was a remarkable guy. Lord, could he get mad. We lost a doubleheader one day to the Mets in New York and we were terrible. We trotted off toward the Polo Grounds clubhouse in center field, and I kept looking around to see where The Bear was. I finally saw him back in the dugout walking up and down and kicking. From the clubhouse I peeked out the windows and Hutch was still down in that dugout and he was *burning*. In a few minutes the phone rang and it was him. He said he would be up shortly and when he got there he didn't want to see anyone in the clubhouse. Did you ever see a baseball team shower and dress and get out of a place in less than five minutes? It can be done, because we did it! Sometimes when things went wrong or he got bounced from a game he would break every light bulb he could find. Hutch was a man's man."

With the Puerto Rican season now over, Robinson will get ready for spring training with the Orioles. Bothered in the last couple of seasons by a bout with the mumps and a severe head injury, he feels that he is healthy at last and ready to help Baltimore back toward a pennant. The team finished a distant second playing without him for a good part of last year.

Robinson is an intent, aggressive manager who seems capable of concentrating for an entire game on all of the nine men on the field. Even though the costs of living are high in Puerto Rico (Robinson did little more than break even in his first season as manager), he may return next year. "It was a great experience," he says, "and I learned a lot from it. I like the idea of managing. I want to play for as long as I can, but I think the day is very close when an Ernie Banks, a Willie Mays, an Elston Howard, a Jim Gilliam or a Frank Robinson will get the chance to manage in the majors." Of those mentioned, Frank Robinson is the only one with the wins to go along with the hopes.

END

Lamar may be little, but it sure isn't minor

Undeclared, unsung and unbelievably, Lamar Tech of Beaumont has knocked off seven major teams in a major way and still the Cardinals are disconcerted. Bad show, pollsters. They are as good as their record

Last summer the NCAA laid it onto Lamar Tech. "Now look, fellows," said Big Brother, kindly, "your track team is running with the big boys and the rest of you are small time. Let's pick one pigeonhole for all your troops: small college or major college, but just one, and the choice is yours." Now Lamar is in Beaumont, Texas, and you know Texans. The NCAA might as well have asked them to either fight it out at Sabine Pass or retreat to a life of weaving blankets on an Oklahoma reservation. "Which way do the big boys live?" said the people at Lamar, coldly. And the big boys, the ones at places like Tulsa and Houston and Texas A&M, immediately fell down laughing. They were going to play Lamar in basketball and, well, all of a sudden the breather is stru-

ting around packing a gun on each hip. That's a real thigh-slapper.

And so there really were two guns—maybe more. Lamar, picked by one rating service to lose by 32, shot down Memphis State by 13. Southwest Conference leader Texas A&M (a 28-point favorite by the same rating service) was the next big victim, falling in its own gym by 11. Tulsa came into Beaumont undefeated. It left shattered by Lamar's brilliant full-court press, a loser by 26. By the time Houston reached Beaumont it had to step over 12 bodies, but the big-city boys still were unbelievers.

Tall, cool and talented, Houston went to work. At halftime Lamar, its race-horse offense for once out of whack, was down by seven points. With 10 minutes to play, it was down by 13, and its

star, Earl Dow, loaded down with four fouls, was sitting on the bench.

Jack Martin, the Lamar coach, had recruited Dow out of Wharton Junior College, where he had averaged 21 points. "Don't take him, Jack," warned Gene Bahnsen, the Wharton coach. "He's an individualist. He won't run your patterns."

Martin shuddered. His intricate defenses (17 of them) and his screaming dive-bomber offenses are keyed on discipline, with every man always moving at top speed and yet knowing exactly where his teammates are and what they are doing. He looked at Dow, who is 6'1" and 155 pounds, and then he remembered his recruiting budget, which is even skinner. And he sighed. "I've got to take a chance," he said.

Lamar is a state school, which means all the money Texas gives it must go for education. Texas (like most states) does not consider athletics as a part of education. And so the school must make do with what it can pick up from the student body through service fees (\$22 a semester) and a building-use fee (\$14).

The building fees go to paying off the Student Union and the football stadium, which was built for \$1 million 100 yards downwind from a chemical plant. The plant also produces a blinding smog and a smell you wouldn't believe. Lamar almost had to give up home football games until the plant agreed to close down on Saturday afternoons.

"And the student service fees," says Dr. Richard Setzer, Lamar's president, "go toward a lot more than just athletics. There are other things just as important: the band, opera, health services, visiting lecturers, the choir, our debating team. Did you know that our debating team had been invited to New York to compete in a tournament with Harvard?"

continued



LAMAR TECH COACH JACK MARTIN TALKS WITH HIS SURPRISING NEW YORK STAR, EARL DOW

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"Oh, good grief," said a coed, when asked for her opinion on the debating trip. "Who cares what those creeps do?"

Dr. Setzer winked. "Besides, athletics have enough money. We are looking for a well-rounded program. Why, we cut \$4,000 off the basketball budget this year and gave it to our recreation-and-intramural program. And it's a fine program."

Recreation's gain dropped Martin's budget to \$44,000, including the 18 scholarships he has to account for, equipment, recruiting and scouting. Ask the people at Tulsa or Houston, where there's real money, about their budgets and you get a blank stare.

"We don't have a money tree out here," said Athletic Director J. B. Higgins, "we have to make do."

So Martin ignored Gene Bahnsen's warning and invited Dow to come and look at the growing (10,500 students) engineering-and-liberal-arts school in Beaumont. Dow said fine, borrowed \$40 and made the trip. When he arrived Martin told Kenny Haynes, now his other starting guard, to take Dow out on the town. Still Dow stayed.

That was last season, and right away, as Bahnsen had predicted, the slim, skulled youngster from Bayside, N.Y., was in trouble. Martin and his young assistant, Billy Tubbs, could not believe what they were seeing.

"We thought he was showboating," said Tubbs. "We almost destroyed him the first half of the season trying to make him play like a regular player. Then we realized all his moves were natural. And it took him a half of a season to learn that basketball is a team sport. After that, everything was beautiful."

Dow's style was once described as that of a Greek belly dancer on a cactus. He has quick legs, quicker hands. When he goes up for a shot—or a pass, and most of the time even he is not sure which when he leaves the floor—he draws up his knees, tucks the ball against one hip, and, well, he just hangs there, twisting, pumping, turning, driving everybody out of their minds. "I love to fake the big boys out," he says, grinning, "to make them look bad. Then I don't care what I do with the ball, shoot or just feed it off to one of our guys for an easy basket."

"He's too much," says Haynes, a 5'11" junior from Dixon, Ill. "When I get in foul trouble and have to sit on the bench then I really start enjoy-

ing the game. I'm just watching Earl."

"Sometimes Earl goes leaping into the air, and I forget what I'm doing," said Phil Endicott, who, with Jim Nicholson, gives Lamar a pair of fine, quick, if not too tall, forwards. "When he's up in the air and making five or 10 moves like he does, instead of charging the basket as you're supposed to you just stand there watching him with your mouth open."

Opponents have the same problem. "You know how tough Alcinder is," said Houston's Kenny Spain. "But at least when he went up in the air you knew what he was going to do. When Dow goes up anything can happen."

What happened to Houston, of course, was Dow. Bothered by that 13-point lead, Martin called time and motioned to his star. As Dow came off the bench, he turned to Martin and said quietly, "Nothing to worry about, coach, this one is as good as won."

"Somehow," said Martin, "I didn't quite share his optimism." Martin has been Lamar's only head basketball coach. Since the 1951 season his teams have won 255 games (against 182 losses), but in 10 previous tries they had never beaten Houston.

With Dow back in and showing why he is averaging 21.1 points, Lamar began to rally. Wayne Moore, a great bear of a center at 6'8" and 235 pounds, again began to dominate the boards. For a man his size, Moore is almost unbelievably quick, and he is the key to the defense.

"Without Big Mo," say Haynes and Dow and Endicott and Nicholson, "we're just another ball club."

"It took the big fellow three years to learn this game," says Bobby Gunn, the trainer-jester. "But now he's great. Until his senior year he was just like a bear cub on his first date. He didn't know what he was doing, but he sure as hell was having a good time."

"You have to keep Mo psyched," says Dow. "Before a game I'll tell him, 'Hey, they got some big men. You won't get anything tonight.' He just stares at me and says, 'Little popcorn, you just watch.' I know he's ready."

"Everybody's on me to shoot," grumbles Moore, who hopes to play pro football—as a defensive end, what else?

"That's not my job. Let those little fellows shoot. My job is rebounding and defense. If I don't do them, if I worry

about shooting, then I'm not doing my job."

In the last 10 minutes Lamar outscored Houston 19-6, sending the game into overtime.

"As soon as we got within four points of them," says Endicott, "we knew we'd win. This team is in great condition. It has great confidence. In the last few minutes we can blow past anybody."

This is the same team that lost 17 games last season. "That's when they got together and made a pact," says Martin. "They vowed to be in better shape than any team they played this season. On their own they ran and they ran."

"And we hated it," says Endicott. "We ran until we were in pain, then we ran some more. But it gave us unity. We suffered together. When we went out against Houston in that overtime period we were laughing. We were fresh and they were exhausted. We knew we'd win."

Lamar did, by six points. And the fans came charging out of the stands screaming something about No. 1. But do not look for Lamar in any polls. The wire services, unable to decide whether the Cardinals are major or small, have almost ignored them.

The conflict comes from Lamar's schedule, which lists only 11 major-college opponents. The team plays 23 games, and the statistical arm of the NCAA says a school must schedule at least half its games against major colleges to be considered major.

After the win over Tulsa, Lamar was listed as No. 20—among small colleges. After Houston, it had moved up to sixth. "That just upsets me," says Martin. "When they listed us as 20th I was really annoyed. I'd have just as soon they ignored us—which the other wire service is doing. What we really want," he says, "is one of those at-large berths to the NCAA tournament. That's our goal."

But first there is a small matter of 10 remaining games, and Lamar must face Trinity, always a tough rival in their Southland Conference, and a rematch in Houston.

"And six other small schools that would just love to play giant killer," says Kenny Haynes. "We're not overlooking any of them. It's those small schools that make your heart stop." If you don't believe him, just ask Tulsa and Texas A&M and Houston. **END**

GM



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Frankie the banger gets bombed

A rough street fighter, DePaula was obliged to appear indoors at the Garden, and Foster won easily

After the fight Frankie DePaula dourly refused to take a shower—on the sound theory that he had not had a chance to work up a proper sweat. For that matter, neither had his opponent, Bob Foster, a fellow who is built rather more like a pipe cleaner than a prize-fighter but, for all that, is light heavy-weight champion of the world.

It was at Madison Square Garden, this first defense of Foster's title since he took it by knocking out the elderly Dick Tiger of Biafra last May. That had been the 24th knockout of Foster's 33-fight professional career. Over DePaula's floundering form last week he made it 25 KOs, though this last one was only technically a knockout, made mandatory by the New York boxing commission rule that, even in a championship bout, after three knockdowns in a round a fighter is automatically disqualified, supposedly to prevent serious injury.

DePaula had indeed gone to the canvas three times in that first round—and Foster had been down once—but there was a dubiousness about a couple of what Referee Johnny LoBianco ruled were true knockdowns and not slips. It is rare, for instance, to see a good fighter go to the canvas from a punch to his body but that is what Foster did soon after the starting bell rang. Most ring-siders thought it a slip, and after the



THE BLOW that ended the fight, a right uppercut (above), was also one of the few solid punches that either man landed. It put DePaula down for the third time in the opening round.



bout both boxers agreed that the newly laid canvas was slippery.

So, after Foster retaliated three times, the fight ended in two minutes and 17 seconds of the first round without either man truly hurt. This was in line with Foster's prefight prediction that it would not go more than three rounds. Gambling professionals agreed with him to the extent that they refused to accept bets. Published odds favoring the champion at 5 to 1, though they reflected the situation accurately, were to be considered only in the Pickwickian sense.

Despite this rather poor publicity, the fight attracted a near-capacity crowd of 16,129, most of it a rabid lot from DePaula's home state of New Jersey. There he is, or was, highly regarded as a brawling type reminiscent of the great Rocky Marciano, though on his record DePaula would appear to lack something—quite a lot, in fact—that Rocky had. The crowd contributed to a gross gate of \$189,992 over and above television money. It was the biggest purse either fighter had ever earned—about \$75,000 for Foster, \$37,500 for DePaula.

If DePaula had been able to survive that first round and a few more it might have made for an interesting evening. Contrast was written all over the match—in the fighters' physiques, their styles and their personalities. Foster stands 6' 3½", boxes well and generally is a somber man who broods even now over the fact that during his early days in the ring he was so little appreciated that he had to quit the sport and take a menial machinist's job in a York, Pa. bomb factory. Now he makes bombs with his fists. His jab, hook and right are all good and he puts his punches together. He towered over DePaula—who stands 5' 8½"—yet at 171½ pounds was outweighed 1½ pounds by the challenger.

A former saloon bouncer, DePaula fights like one and has terrified some less experienced opponents with his incessant fist-flailing charges. Last October he won a bit of a reputation as a game loser against Tiger during an evening when each fighter was on the canvas twice. He likes to get in close and deprive his opponents of punching room, and once he gets there he punches hard.

Before the fight DePaula summoned a hairdresser from Jersey City. The hairdresser, who calls himself "Gizzi," gave DePaula something called a hot comb

hairdo and he came out of it looking like a mod Prince Valiant. "Gizzi used to cut my hair when it cost \$2.25," he observed, "but now it runs 30 bucks." At the fight's end the \$30 hairdo was quite missed, but that, except for a trifling bruise on the forehead, was his only injury.

To build the challenger's ego to fighting pitch there was much prefight chatter, in his presence, about what a great scrapper Frankie was. His manager, Gary Garafola, who also used to box and is owner of Garafola's Rag Doll—a go-go joint in Union City, N.J., where Frankie served as a too-efficient bouncer—brought up the subject. He asked a simple, direct question: "How many knockouts you got in the street, Frank?" A truck driver named Tony from the old neighborhood gave the proud answer. "Frankie has maybe a thousand knockouts in the street," Tony said. "Frankie's a banger."

"I got the equalizer," Frankie agreed. "I can bang with either hand. Box? I can't box a little bit. Boxing's for grocery clerks—apples, oranges. Me, I'm a banger. Anybody I been in with I hurt."

One of those he was in with as a teenager was hurt to the extent that his jaw was broken in seven places—but it did not happen in the ring. "I got a bad deal," Frankie protested. "I was 15 and the other guy was 28. He had been drinking and threw a punch at me and I duck, throw a right hand and land on his jaw. The guy's relative was a big-shot cop. You can see it was bad luck. It cost me a five-year stretch."

"You're going to hurt Foster," Trainer Al Braverman assured him. "Did you see the long body with the skinny ribs? That's where you want to aim."

Aim there he did, and caught Foster directly after the bell with two right hands to the body, the second of which put the champion down—or so it seemed to the referee. Foster furiously protested that it was a slip, but the referee went relentlessly through the eight-count routine, after which a flustered Foster stalked about the ring like a wading bird looking for a frog. Like an angry wading bird, that is. He speared his prey quickly with two jabs and a hook, and DePaula was on the deck, up instantly and waving to his corner that he was all right, but forced to take the eight-count nonetheless. Seconds later, after

sustaining a right and left to the head, he charged into what could only have been construed as a right-hand push, and was on the floor again. The formality of that particular eight-count over, Foster hit his man on the head with a right uppercut—the best punch of the fight—and that was the end of Frankie DePaula's dreams of glory. He was on canvas again, but not by any means immortalized.

After two knockdowns in a round, a sensible fighter would have considered the possibility of a third looming up, and would have elected to stay out of trouble. But Frankie is not the sort to stay out of trouble.

The victory left Foster contemplating a succession of offers for fights in other lands, according to his manager, Mushky Salow, a Connecticut non Yankee, who figured that they would get an aggregate of \$300,000 for proposed bouts with Argentina's Gregorio Peralta, Italy's Piero Del Papa, Australia's Bobby Dunlop, Yugoslavia's Yvan Prebeg and New York's Jose Torres, now ranked fifth on the World Boxing Association scale of light heavyweight contenders. This last would be staged in Torres' native Puerto Rico. There was talk, too, of matching Foster against the middleweight champion, Nino Benvenuti.

Not all of these matches, if any, will come off, of course. What Madison Square Garden would like would be to pit Foster against the winner of the George Chuvalo-Buster Mathis bout on Feb. 3. Manager Salow is cool to such talk. If his man is to meet heavyweights, Mushky figures, it will be either Jimmy Ellis or Joe Frazier, who hold claims on the heavyweight championship while Muhammad Ali is in Coventry. Fighting either of the heavyweight title claimants would, from Foster's standpoint, be an attractive consideration. He would be boxing for a substantial purse and the possibility of becoming heavyweight champion. At the same time he would not be risking his present title. A victory over the low-rated Chuvalo or Mathis would not enhance Foster's reputation to any great extent and defeat would tarnish it.

As champion, Foster is in the driver's seat, riding a golden carriage, and can pick and choose opponents. Gone are the days when the best he could get was a \$23 purse—and a job in York. **END**

The time has come to sort out the sprinters

Owners are hopeful, trainers are cautious and the fanciers are poised for action as the 3-year-olds start coming out of hiding to demonstrate whether they have the quality to be considered seriously as classic winners

The Thoroughbred rites of spring, which include the Triple Crown, often bear little resemblance to what has preceded them at Hialeah and Santa Anita. Not too much can be learned from winter's six- and seven-furlong sprints that bears on a colt's potential to go a distance, but one must always seek—and occasionally one is rewarded for the effort.

Next week, estimates can be made of such youngsters as Majestic Prince, Mr. Joe F. and Fleet Allied as they compete in the San Vicente in California, but now we have the evidence of Hialeah's first 3-year-old stakes, the Hibiscus. No one was surprised when Mrs. Dorothy Ragney's Fast Hilarious rolled to an easy three-length victory over 11 other sprinters. His time for the six furlongs was a lightning 1:09 2/5; in 33 previous runnings of this early prep for the Flamingo only that real speedball, Radan, made it home faster. Purchased a year ago for a bargain \$9,500, Florida-bred Fast Hilarious has the sort of speed that can earn his stable a lot of money if his people do not get overly ambitious with him. True, he has won at a distance over lesser lights but, if he takes after his sire, Hilarious, who won 20 of 113 lifetime starts, his future should be in the sprints, not the classics.

Of those who finished behind Fast Hilarious last week, only Christopher Chenery's Virginia Delegate had any excuse. He stumbled badly coming out of the gate but got to running respectably at the finish, where he was sixth. There are five Phipps horses with 3-year-old aspirations, but Trainer Eddie Neloy ran only The Heir, and he was a big disappointment in coming home eighth.

Nonetheless, one turns to the Phipps stable these days to see where the power is. In addition to The Heir, Neloy has King Emperor, Reviewer, King of

the Castle and the Garden State winner Beau Brummel. "Beau is really out there," says Neloy of the bay son of Round Table and the Nasrullah mare So Chic. He is expected to make his first winter start in the Feb. 5 Bahamas at seven furlongs. Beau Brummel showed us nothing at all until last July," Neloy adds. "But he improved so much after that, that we feel he is as good as any of them." King Emperor hasn't put on weight as he should have and won't start for a while, and Reviewer, who had some shin trouble but is all right now, will probably miss the Flamingo, also.

King of the Castle trains well, but until last Saturday he was unwilling to do his best work in the afternoon. Mak-

ing his first start of the year, he whipped 11 rivals with a seven-furlong time of 1:23 3/5. Braulio Baeza brought him from next to last and from 14 lengths back, and he covered the last furlong in 11 4/5 to win, drawing away by three lengths over another good runner, Pin Oak Stable's Native Dancer colt Kanamara. "I liked what I saw," said Neloy, "and I think he'll like a distance."

Steve Wilson's Top Knight, last year's 2-year-old champion, though the beaten favorite in the Garden State, is also training at Hialeah. There is a suspicion he has tendon trouble. He is aiming for the Flamingo on March 4 but may need a little luck to get there. A promising colt who will skip the Flamingo but try for the March 29 Florida Derby at Gulf-



EASY VICTORY IN THE HIBISCUS, FAST HILARIOUS MAY BE JUST A SPEED HORSE

stream is E. P. Taylor's unbeaten Vice-regal. This son of Kentucky Derby winner Northern Dancer has won eight straight, including seven stakes. Even though all these victories took place in Canada—against horses in a slightly different league from Hialeah's—the record is impressive.

Two colts steaming along with no apparent troubles are owned by Bull Hancock's Claiborne Farm. One is named Dike, the other Drone. Hancock himself fancies Dike, while his Trainer Lucien Laurin likes Drone. Dike is by the French stallion Herbager and is out of that fine race mare Delta, a daughter of Nasrullah. After winning the Breeders' Futurity at Keeneland last October, Dike ran second to King Emperor in the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity, beaten only a head. Drone, a son of Sir Gaylord and the Tom Fool mare Cap and Bells, never started as a 2-year-old but broke his maiden at Hialeah on the first day of the meeting, winning at six furlongs by five lengths in the good time of 1:10½. Dike is heading for the Flamingo via the Bahamas and the Everglades on Feb. 19, while Drone will be nursed along a bit more cautiously.

Two other Hialeah-based trainers with optimistic smiles on their faces are Frank A. (Downey) Bonsal, who has taken over the Cain Hoy Stable of Captain Harry F. Guggenheim, and Elliott Burch of Paul Mellon's Rokeby Stables. After winning earlier in the week with Never Bow (by Never Bend), Bonsal made it two straight at the meeting for Ack Ack, a bay son of Battle Joined. On Saturday Ack Ack turned in a winning seven furlongs in 1:22½, beating Distinctive by three lengths. Another three lengths back was Burch's Arts and Letters, a chestnut Rabot colt who was making his first start since finishing fourth behind King Emperor and Dike in the Pimlico-Laurel Futurity. Both Never Bow and Ack Ack look like real runners, while Arts and Letters did well enough to suggest he will improve vastly with seasoning.

In the Futurity, Burch felt that Arts and Letters would have done better had the jockey not made his move too soon. It is not too soon any longer. Now is the time for all these horses to make a move of some sort.

END

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LET THERE BE STEAM



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRITNEY S. LONG

So decrees Bill Lear of Lear Jet fame, who is building steam race cars—honest—for Indianapolis to glamorize steam passenger cars to be and also is carving out an Indy test track (above) in Nevada by BOB OTTUM

This whole thing started, William Lear says, when he died. Literally died; his heart stopped on the operating table and all the systems inside him began slowly ticking to a stop while a team of doctors worked to pump his life back in. When that crisis was over and he was alive again, he began to look around with a new sense of purpose. He was 66 and retired. He had millions, and all he needed was a mission. He had been everywhere and done everything. He had developed a jet airplane that has become the darling of the business world. He had inventive talent and one more thing: he was an inspired craps shooter. All of which make up the best set of qualifications any man ever needed to go automobile racing.

Naturally, racing could only mean the Indianapolis 500—any man who has already died once is just about in the proper emotional shape for that crazy American spectacle, where racing's greatest pressures pile up. And just as naturally, not any old racing car would do. There would have to be a bigger goal than just the race. A more noble goal. Like How I Won the Indy 500, Shook Up the Establishment and Purified America at the Same Time. With those thoughts in mind, Lear announced last fall in Reno, "I am going to build a steam-powered passenger car. And to publicize it, I am going to build a steam race car. With it, I expect to win the 500."

Steam cars. Hoo boy. Here comes 1969, racing's fun year. Even if the thing never works, which is eminently possible, the steam-car project already has touched off an epidemic of jitters in the car-manufacturing and racing worlds. Indy is still suffering from a massive jet hangover—a condition brought on by the turbine racers of 1967 and 1968, cars that sailed along with whispery whooshing sounds instead of the honest clatter of good old-fashioned pistons and things. That uprising from the ranks was put down by a series of restrictions on the size of turbine engines. But hardly has the old calm and order been reestablished when along comes Lear.

Lear was weaned on controversy and he loves it. Loves it. Suddenly, here is the old fox of big biz, the man who took on the entire aircraft industry and beat it with the first successful business jet, here he is, back again, prowling restlessly around this rickety old surplus Nevada air base, most of which he owns, shamelessly pirating top engineers and draftsmen from his competitors and spending \$300,000 a month. He is building a new plant, an elaborate machine shop. Bulldozers are pushing aside tumbleweeds and sand to make his own private racetrack. He has a special team of architects and planners laying out a model city to house all his new employees, and it will be

continued

built around a model lake for them to fish in. ("I think we might call it Lake Lear," one of his draftsmen said in the first big understatement of 1969.)

Things are popping again for Lear, even at the crap tables of Reno. Mrs. Lear, a serene, lovely matron, keeps his winnings (they were up to \$6,000 the other day) in a special bank account; her husband always hands it over. He doesn't want to spend it, he just wants to win it. "You have heard of Mother's household account?" she says. "Well, this is Mother's craps account." She is continually delighted by everything Lear does, perhaps because she is a daughter of the late Ole Olsen, co-producer with Chic Johnson of an explosive stage show called *Heilnoppin*, which was the *Laugh-In* of its day. And now the thing that pleases her most is that Lear, at 66, overweight, jowly, out of condition, is suddenly springy, dieting and living again. And building a steam car to save the world is as good a goal as any to start with.

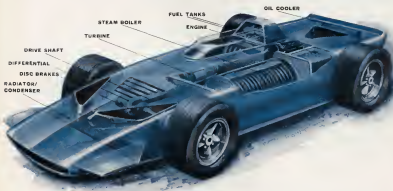
Lear sits at his desk in a leaky wartime barracks in a ratty old red pullover sweater he fancies, his hands folded calmly, with the racket of construction going on all around him and the chill of the Nevada winter seeping in, and tells his story in the voice of a hoarse bear. In 1967 Minneapolis Publisher T.S. Denson & Co., Inc. produced a book called *William P. Lear, Creative Designer and Inventor* as part of its Men of Achievement series (other titles are *J. Edgar Hoover*, *Modern Knight Errant*; *J. C. Penney*, *Merchant Prince*; and *Lyndon B. Johnson*, *Man of Reason*). Lear's story takes up where his stupefyingly dull biography leaves off.

"I was technically dead," he says. "This was last Jan-

uary. For a minute or so my heart stopped; there was no pulsebeat or blood pressure. Nothing. I had a broken artery near my brain which they were repairing. My nose wouldn't stop bleeding; that's why they were operating."

"To make matters worse, before that I had broken my damned leg getting out of my limousine and this whole thing knocked hell out of me for about three months. When I came out of it all, I wanted something new to sink my teeth into. Something big—maybe even to compete with my old company, Lear Jet." Lear tried a couple of projects, but they turned out to be \$5 or \$6 million a year things, and "still too insignificant to warrant my total effort." He put some money into Montana oil for something to do and, first thing, six high-paying wells came in—which ought to give Indy an idea of what kind of year this could be. Still, Lear claims to be unimpressed with wealth. "I've never even felt wealthy," he says. "What counts is *altering a way of life for the better*. For instance, I can't play any musical instrument. Hell, I can't even carry a tune in a handbag. But I showed my love for music by developing the first really fine radio set, the Majestic. It was my first successful business of 1928; stock went from \$10 to \$1,600 a share. Then I pioneered car radios, and you will note that Motorola has not exactly been a failure. But my love of aviation exceeded all other loves, so I left Motorola to start Lear Aviation, which became Lear Inc., which I ultimately sold for many millions of dollars."

Lear also developed radio and navigation instruments that are still the standard of the industry (he holds more than 100 patents), and he is perhaps most admired for his



A cutaway view of Indy steam car reveals boiler beside driver's cockpit, rear engine location, turbine for operating auxiliary sys-

tems and condenser to convert steam to fluid for recycling. In exterior design the racer closely resembles 1968 Granatelli turbocars.

autopilot. In 1950 it won the Collier Award, the highest honor the aircraft industry can bestow. And you'd better believe he's made a dollar or two from his Lear Jet stereo tape deck for cars.

But to Lear neither car radios nor autopilots nor jet planes nor tape decks were the Big Thing. Then he discovered air pollution. The stuff was there all along, hanging low and acrid over California, stinging lungs and reddening the eyes of millions and being thickened every day. A problem worth tackling.

A workable steam engine, one of Lear's aides suggested, could change all that—a steam engine could be made to emit only a fraction of the noxious fumes of conventional engines. Yet, so little research was being done on steam, one might suspect that the American automobile industry thought the steamer was as dead as the Stanley.

By coincidence, a couple of weeks ago the Justice Department filed antitrust charges against the Big Four automakers, charging they have conspired for more than a decade to delay development and use of devices to control air pollution from automobiles. The Big Four said it was not so and the case is headed for the courts. But Lear can't wait. A steam-powered car, the fascinated Lear believes, could brighten up a nation which ought to have air as clean as Reno's. A steam-powered car could save lives and change the economic structure of the country. The man who made it would leave his mark on history. And that part did it.

If Lear has not made a mark on history just yet, after 4½ months of wheeling, his project has etched one on Nevada and sent shock waves out into racing and the auto industry. Reno, whose housing style is Early Trailer Camp, is already full of engineers looking for expensive homes. More personnel arrives daily. Not long after Lear announced the steam-car project, a delegation of executives arrived from American Motors and stalked around his new plant, looking over the plans and nodding wisely. Lear offered them the exclusive sales rights to the new steam car in exchange for, as he puts it, "certain stock options." Lear was clearly pleased with their reaction. "They were flabbergasted," he says. "They admitted it would take Detroit two, three years to get to the point where we are now in Nevada. To say the least, they were shook."

One of the things that shook them, obviously, was not so much that Lear has impressive plans and a brigade of impressive people at work in Reno, but the fact that he has what businessmen call a "proven track record." Years ago the aircraft industry laughed when Lear sat down to build an executive jet plane—and now there are 223 Lear Jets winging around and many more on the way. "Most economic, fastest, highest-flying, lowest-cost business jet ever developed," says Lear, "and it is doubtful that that record will be altered for many years to come."

What Lear plans this time is a production-line, 56,000, steam-powered passenger car, plus a much more expensive steam-powered limousine—having broken a leg getting out of one, Lear has this fixation on limousines—all coming from a new \$500-million industry just outside Reno. Before going to the market for more, he is willing to gamble the first \$10 million.

"Here is one guy," he says, speaking of himself, "who has gathered together the greatest group of engineers in the country in what once was known as a gaming town, one guy willing to prove that by gambling \$10 million on one roll of the dice he can produce a steam engine that will be the world standard of excellence. It will at the same time solve the air pollution problem—producing less than 1% of the pollution from internal-combustion engines. Now then. If I do it, I will have solved a national community health problem and at the same time challenged the largest single industry in America, if not the world." He pauses and wheezes just a bit. "By comparison, Nick the Greek was a piker."

Perhaps. But the world of auto racing does not care about any of that. Did Nick the Greek ever race an Indy 500 car? The world of auto racing has never bothered itself much about pollution. And as for the limousine, most Indy drivers prefer something a little quicker. What they do care about is that steam-powered race car, what it all means and what it might do to them.

Hardly had the word steamer come out of Reno than Speedway Superintendent Clarence Cagle and Henry Banks, who is director of competition for the United States Auto Club, got on a plane and flew to Nevada to look things over. Banks seemed enormously pleased to find that, in fact, there was no steam race car. He looked all around the old surplus barracks, to make sure. "All I saw was drawings on the drawing board and no hardware," he said, "no bits and pieces of a racing car. But I do think they have a sincere desire and will attempt to build a car."

What Banks wanted to make clear to Lear was that Indy does not have a set of rules for steam cars. There are no specifications on what sort of steam car would be properly competitive with the current piston cars.

"Use my specifications," said Lear, and handed them over.

Well, then. Did Lear understand that with no specifications on a steam race car, the USAC could not sanction it?

Did he ever. Lear was way ahead of them. He had already run the whole play around the auto club and gone directly to Tony Hulman, the gentleman who owns the Speedway. Not many people realize the 500 is Hulman's race and the USAC only sanctions and runs it for him. And if Owner Hulman decides a steam car will brighten up the proceedings, it seems safe to bet a steam car will be allowed to try for the lineup on Memorial Day. In fact, the Speedway's official entry blank says propulsion sys-

continued

tems not covered by USAC are encouraged. Thus, if it met the basic requirements on size and shape, a steam race car could be accepted under a special waiver for one year. "We would welcome a steam-car entry under these terms," Hulman said. And a year is all that Lear wants. He came away from his chat with Hulman elated.

Lear also dropped in to see Ralph Nader, the *Unsafe at Any Speed* man. The prospect of a nonpollutant car intrigued Nader right away. Having its marvelous potential paraded at the Indy 500 intrigued him also—more even than the recent electric-car revival talk.

"He told me," says Lear, "to keep him posted on the project—and if it looked like the Speedway might turn down the steam race car, to let him know before they did it." The implication is clear that Nader might bring unusual national opinion pressures to bear if he thought someone were holding back American motoring progress and safety while continuing to dirty up the air with those old piston engines.

Another point in Lear's favor: USAC and the Speedway are still smarting from criticism over the restrictions imposed on the turbines. The Speedway likes to boast that it is in the forefront of motoring progress. Throwing out the new race cars in favor of the old ones did not do much for that image. A steam race car could help restore that forward-thrust air about the place.

Chief designer of Lear's steam cars is a wandering British carbuilder named Ken Wallis, who is either a mastermind or the Peck's Bad Boy of racing. Wallis meandered into Indy a few years ago, helped STP Impresario Andy Granatelli produce the sensational turbine car in 1967, and the next year built a pair of turbocars for Carroll Shelby. The Shelby-Wallis race cars were mysteriously

withdrawn just before final inspection, and Indy promptly exploded with charge and countercharge as to whether the cars were "cheaters," that is, illegal under the specifications. Wallis left Indy under a sort of mechanical cloud, and even now Banks is not sure that USAC would let Wallis come back to the Speedway "until certain allegations have been cleared up."

No matter. Wallis does not plan to go back to Indy anyway. "I'll be too busy working on the passenger cars at the time," he says. What he does plan to do is to build two steam race cars and send them to Indy with a team of drivers and mechanics.

The fact that he has Wallis to rub into the racing Establishment touches a well of ironic humor in Lear. "I know all about Wallis' background," he says. "I have heard all about the cars that did not make the race and I have heard that all of it is still under a cloud. But I also know he is a great engineer and race car designer. He has a following second to none among machinists and engineers, and he already has attracted a group to Reno that I feel can meet this challenge."

It had not started that way. Wallis walked in one day last August and asked Lear to lend him \$39,000 to buy a 12-meter yacht. "He said he had put \$2,000 down on the yacht," Lear says, "and figured if he could borrow the rest, he could get a government contract to do some research. Well, I liked him so much I bought him the yacht and made him my chief engineer as well."

With the yacht tied up at San Francisco and Wallis aboard at Reno, the steam race car project began to take shape. And Reno began to brace itself for what can only be a wild adventure.

But—as everybody keeps asking—what is a steam racing car supposed to look like? People keep getting a mental picture of something pretty big and hulky, filled with dials and tubes and whistling like a callopie—and with a big boiler and a guy wearing a red bandana and shoveling coal into a furnace.

Maybe that sort of image was O.K. for 1875 and the Greenville Steamer, which did look a whole lot like a locomotive, with one man driving and one man stoking. But by 1906—at an early Speed Week in Daytona Beach, Fla.—a Stanley Steamer driven by Fred Marnott took on Henry Ford's six-cylinder Model K and beat it in a 30-mile touring race, going so well that it set a 127.66-mph world speed record. Several critics insisted it was a freak record because Ford Driver Frank Kulick spun out and got stuck in a sandbank.

A little more than a year later Ford got into production with his new T model and by 1927 had built 15 million of those critters. Steam cars, as everyone knows, have been museum items ever since.

Lear insists the only reason steam cars have not been resurrected before now is that the science of space-age controls has not been applied to them. Wallis is not only ap-



At the shop Leon and Designer Wallis discuss mock-up of engine

proaching steam scientifically, but figures it might be a good idea to get away from the word steam entirely. "It has a bad history," he says. "People get a picture of a big boiler and explosions and that sort of thing. The name sounds dangerous. Our engine is not, of course. Since everything happens outside the engine, it is called an external combustion engine."

But how does it work? Does it take a plumber to run it rather than a mechanic? If a turbocar goes whoosh, does a steam car bubble, like a high-speed Lawrence Welk?

Without getting technical, it may be said that the Lear-Wallis steam engine will be a rather dainty thing. Its boiler will not be much bigger around than, say, Raquel Welch, and the engine, Wallis assures one, will be a small, efficient-looking affair to be called a Delta. The old steam cars had large boilers full of water that took forever to get hot enough. The Reno Steamer will use yards of coiled tubing instead of a simple boiler and a special chemical preparation rather than water. This fluid will be superheated to vapor by burners fed by kerosene or heating oil. It is on the "clean" burning of the fuel that Lear rests his pollution salvation case. The boiler will be hooked up to the six-cylinder reciprocating Delta—or, possibly, a turbine engine—and the power will be delivered to all four wheels. In either case some steam will be diverted to a small turbine to run the auxiliary electrical and hydraulic systems. Ultimately the steam is condensed back into fluid and reused indefinitely—the music goes round and round.

The physical race car, Wallis said, doesn't matter much; anyone can build a chassis once the power problem is solved. The drawings for the Reno Steamer look an awful lot like the new wedge-shaped turbine racers built for Granatelli last year—and the next howl you hear will be from England's Colin Chapman, who designed them. Plans are to plunk the boiler up there beside the driver, put the engine just over the rear wheels and go racing.

Since the racing world is not exactly crawling with steam-engine experts, an output figure of 450 hp that Lear has released is being banded about. This would be dandy with the piston-engine people, since they are producing far more horsepower than that with conventional engines. What they will be hearing more about is the steamer's inlet-valve effect.

"The principal difference between our engines and conventional piston engines," says a Lear engineer, "is that a steam engine can operate in two basic modes, a power mode and an economy mode. In the economy mode one puts a little bit of steam into the engine and expands it. In the power mode we can keep the steam inlet valve open a little bit longer and furnish tremendous, sudden power. It means we could design a steam engine for, say, 250 hp, and if it needed instant acceleration we could supply up to a thousand horsepower for 20 seconds or so—thus giving the car any dragging speed it needed. It would be limited only by the wheelspin on the track. Another advantage



On the town high-roller Lear issues out the dice at Harrah's Club

is that a steam engine generates total power at 0 rpm just sitting there. We can store the power in the boiler and dump it out all at once if we need to."

But what of that wonderful moment when the race is about to start and all those gentlemen are called upon to start up? Surely they can't be expected to wait for a boiler to get up to pressure. "No," says the engineer. "This happens in 15 seconds. And not only that, to refill it one just adds fluid—tap water will do—perhaps twice a year."

Lear, of course, is looking forward to the screams of anguish certain to come from the Indy old guard. Since the steam race car is meant to be a publicity device to swing attention to the new Steam Passenger Car That Will Purify America, the more howls the better. And if the race car actually works—that is, if Lear gets it built on time, if it is accepted by the Speedway and if it qualifies—it should run quietly and without any noxious exhaust. Thus anyone who complains about it figures to be lined up against progress and national health.

"We'll have the weight of public opinion behind us," says Wallis. "The racing Establishment cannot cry 'airplane engine' as they did in the case of the turbines. These are simply efficient, safe motors that do not produce any smog or air pollutants. This race car is for the good of mankind—and how can anyone complain against a thing like that?" How, indeed? It has all the makings of a huge, motorized mousetrap for the Indy 500. Even if everything goes wrong and Lear can't go to Indy, perhaps Indy can come to him. Keeping pace with his blockbuster-a-day

continued

series of developments, a few days ago Lear's crews began pushing sand around just off the old airport runways. It began to look strangely like a racetrack in the desert.

"It is," Lear said. "I am building an exact duplicate of the Indianapolis Speedway right here. I mean exact: It will be 2½ miles, all blacktopped, all banked the same, same curves and straights, same pits—everything. We will start practicing here March 1 with the steam race cars. And lest this sound too fancy, remember that it will be cheaper for us to practice here than to keep running back and forth to Indy with the cars and crews. Then, we will go to Indy with our shakedown completed."

Not long ago Lear and Wallis introduced their Nevada crew to a rugged-looking man who studied their drawings a long time. It was the inimitable Parnelli Jones, once a 500 winner, driver of the 1967 turbocar and one of the most talented Indy drivers of all time. "Interesting," Jones said, and he allowed as how he would have to take a serious look at the car with an eye to driving it if they ever got it built. The other steam car, Reno rumor has it, would be driven by Jackie Stewart of Formula 1 fame.

Lear has a couple of other steam irons in the fire as well. There is the great highway patrol car for one. At its last session the California legislature—on one of those days when the smog in Sacramento was unbearable—moved to have the state patrol study the feasibility of steam cars by trying out some samples. After 15 years of fighting air pollution and losing, the state was at the "peril point," warned Assemblyman John Francis Forn, a San Francisco Democrat. "We have 12 million registered vehicles in California now," he said. "And there will be 20 million by 1980." Which is a lot of smog. Next thing, General Motors had offered to provide up to six new car bodies and \$20,000 each for anyone who wanted to put steam engines into them.

"Actually, General Motors figured that nobody could do it and that this offer would finally put a stop to all this steam-engine nonsense," says Wallis. "So we responded right away."

But Lear's tack was a bit different, which is typical. No free cars, thanks, he said, because anyone who accepted the GM plan would have to make his steam secrets public. Instead, when Lear discovered that the patrol had ordered a covey of 440-cu-in. Dodge Polaras for 1969 patrolling, he promptly bought a new Polara; the crew mocked it up for steam power and then called the patrol back to see it. "They went away walking on air," Lear says. "And they indicated that we're their great white hope now as far as steam cars are concerned. Naturally we'll give them this one without cost."

If California will now be patient, Lear says, he will hand over a steam-driven patrol car by early spring that will dazzle the world. Then will come the two sleek race cars, the production-line passenger car and that luxurious limousine. But it is clear that the prospect of the Indy

race car intrigues Lear the most. There is so much publicity attendant on the 500 and he so plainly likes the image he is gaining as Nevada's highest roller. Anyone who will plunge with money like that has Reno's respect.

Saving the world does not keep Lear pinned to Reno. A couple of weeks ago he flew his personal Lear Jet east to New York to attend a dinner for Richard Nixon. The next morning he tossed his coat on a seat of the jet, warmed up the engines lightly and kicked it more or less straight upstairs to 43,000 feet before giving the controls to his copilot. Lear likes to fly up or down; just priddling along in a straight line does not interest him. He dropped in at Chicago for a business lunch and at Wichita, Kans. for a fast tour of the Lear Jet factory before flying on to Reno. The next day, just to give some visitors a little feel of his as-yet-unpaved Indy track, he led a madcap automotive procession in his limousine over the ruts and gouges of the course at A. J. Foyt speeds.

The romance of the adventure has caught up both Lear and Wallis. Lear has become a well-known figure about town, a nightly celebrity at the Round Table at the casino in the Holiday Inn, which is where everyone important gathers for a few drinks after work. The table is not really round, it is a couple of square tables pushed together off to one side right next to the ladies room. But the men who run Reno are always seen there. Wallis, meanwhile, has been so busy that he has not had a haircut in months. He appears all over town in a long curling pageboy vaguely reminiscent of June Allyson when she was playing those ingenue roles.

If he gets them to Indy, Lear would like to qualify the Reno Steamers just slightly ahead of the fastest piston-engine car, the better not to overcast the Establishment. Then, in the race, he would like to suddenly pump out all that hidden power and beat everyone so badly all the world would take notice and make a rush for his steam passenger cars. "And if someone cried that it was an unfair race," Wallis says, "it would be very much like Mr. Lear to say, 'You're right, fellows,' and give back all the prize money to the next-place car. It would be the sort of gesture he might make. He would have made his point anyway, you see?"

"I know Ford would pay me \$25 million for this operation right now," Lear says. "And then they would tell me to go off and take a long, long vacation."

The biggest gambler of them all gets up heavily from the Round Table and strolls over to the crap tables to try his luck. "Talk about odds," he says. "Listen. The other night I was standing at the crap tables over at Harrah's Club when it came my turn to shoot. The croupier pushed some dice over to me and—just for fun—I scooped up three of them and rolled them out on the table. The guy didn't blink an eye. He simply picked them up. Then he palmed one of them and handed me back two. And he said, 'All right, mister, your point is 15.' "

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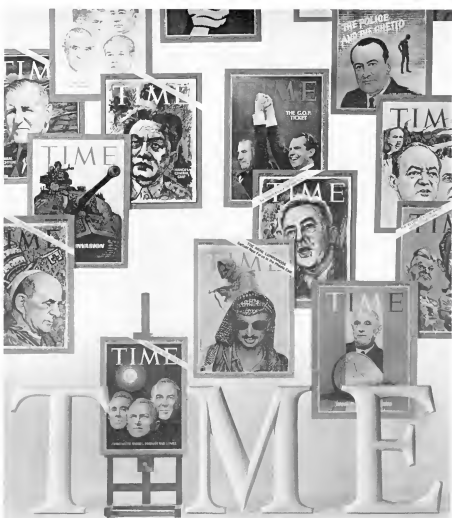
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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

WEST

1. UCLA (14-0)
2. SANTA CLARA (16-0)
3. NEW MEXICO STATE (16-0)

The Gringos, a Tijuana Brass-type band, were hired to replace the Arizona State pep group, and suddenly everything was upbeat. The Sun Devils, losers in five of six previous games, stopped Utah 93-88, then Brigham Young 109-94. Their victims had been tied for the Western AC lead. The back-to-back wins left State (2-1) directly behind new leader Arizona (3-0), which also beat Utah (60-64) and BYU (76-70). Wyoming lost to Colorado State 78-68 as the Kerr twins, Lloyd and Floyd, combined for 32 points.

In the Pacific Eight Washington beat Oregon 60-54 and Washington State won from Oregon State 61-60. Then Washington State upset first-place Washington 62-55. Oregon and Oregon State split two games, the Ducks taking the first 66-52, the Beavers the second 65-53.

Weber State's 12-game win streak was ended by Seattle 100-62. High-scoring Marv Roberts of Utah State (27.5 points) and Simmie Hill of West Texas State, averaging four fewer points a game, went at it. Roberts triumphed 43-36, but the Texans took the game 102-92. Busy Oklahoma City beat Abilene Christian 104-83, Arkansas 84-75 and SMU 96-74 before losing a rematch to the Mustangs 103-84. Rice surprised Florida State 83-80, and New Mexico State, still unbeaten, took Tennessee Tech 81-65.

MIDWEST

1. PURDUE (10-3)
2. OHIO STATE (11-2)
3. ILLINOIS (12-1)

Big Ten teams have mementos they distribute freely to all opponents, black and blue marks, bruised ribs and headaches. They are operating at optimum efficiency this sea-

son with their best-ever record against outsiders, 64-39. John Wooden, whose UCLA Bruins defeated Northwestern 81-67, was well aware of the mayhem. "Board play is a lot rougher than on the West Coast and there's much more body contact," he said, attempting to sound mild. Lew Alcindor of the Bruins got a liberal dose of body contact from 6'7" Jerry Sutton, a muscular 245-pound fill-in for ailing first-string Center Jim Sarno. Sutton gave Alcindor a taste of what life among the pros will be like, firmly establishing position and allowing Alcindor just two defensive rebounds in the first half. It took a stern talking-to by Wooden at half time to get his Bruins going. They had trailed 45-35—the first time this had happened to them all year—before Wooden aroused them by telling them he was ashamed of their defensive work on the boards. The Bruins came out loaded for wildcats in the second half and scored eight straight points, easily pulling away. Alcindor proved he was far from outclassed, finishing with 16 rebounds and 35 points. The next night, with Alcindor getting 34 points, the Bruins took care of Loyola of Chicago 84-65.

Illinois put its muscle to use, stunning Notre Dame 91-57 as Greg Jackson, a 6'8", 255-pound center, forsook his early-season politeness. Said Coach Harvey Schmidt: "He really got with it. He started bouncing people around." In between bounces the Irish committed 29 turnovers. "It was," said Coach Johnny Dee, "a nightmare."

Dho State, scoring in bursts, had two comeback wins on the road, beating Georgia Tech 73-66 and Cornell 96-78. In league competition Purdue, with its fast break working smoothly and with Rick Mount getting 34 points, disposed of Minnesota 102-79. Northwestern downed Michigan

100-85, but the Wolverines came back to defeat Michigan State 75-70.

Tulsa strengthened its grip on first place in the Missouri Valley Conference as Louisville's Cardinals knocked off No. 1 challenger Drake 84-70. Guard Butch Beard led the Cardinals with 27 points, 12 rebounds and six assists and he hounded Willie McCarter so much that the Drake star sank only seven of 24 shots. Earlier Drake defeated Bradley 93-76. The loss to the Cardinals left Drake and Louisville tied for second with 5-2 records, a game and a half behind Tulsa, which had to score four points in the last 36 seconds to tie outsider Southern Illinois. Tulsa then beat SIU in overtime 85-82. Cincinnati took Memphis State 62-53, St. Louis defeated Bradley 83-82.

Miami of Ohio, which had used its zone effectively against Mid-American rivals, switched to a man-to-man and was upset by Western Michigan 71-66. Ohio U. moved into second place by beating Kent State in overtime 75-72, while Bowling Green upset Toledo 64-63.

After being tied or trailing the lead 25 times in the first 25 minutes, Marquette best Loyola 61-56 for its 11th in a row. Dayton won from Miami of Ohio 67-54, but lost to Western Kentucky, which scored 16 straight points late in the game, 70-65.

SOUTH

1. NORTH CAROLINA (13-1)
2. DAVIDSON (14-1)
3. KENTUCKY (12-2)

Davidson and Georgia owned their wins to a couple of players who came off the bench to score vital points. Senior Mike O'Neill, a reserve all season, got two starting assignments for Davidson when Jerry Kroll injured his ankle. In his first game, against Princeton, O'Neill led the Wildcats with 22 points and held high-scoring Jeff Petrie to eight—all in the first half—in a 71-54 victory. O'Neill was even more valuable against The Citadel, as he scored 19 points in an 80-72 win that boosted the Wildcats' Southern Conference record to 5-0. East Carolina solidified its second-place position (6-1) by

HIGHLIGHT

Kentucky claims it, Kansas claims it and so does Oregon State. Each wants to be the first college basketball team to win 1,000 games. Whether any of them is legitimately entitled to the honor seems lost in the muck of old and often hoary records. But there is a rightful claim to 1,000 victories, and it belongs to a high school team, Wyandotte of Kansas City, Kan. Wyandotte once beat the Rainbow AC 234-2, a game the late Robert Ripley included in an amazing fact in his *Believe It or Not* column. Counting up, however, the punctilious Wyandottes ignored that inglorious triumph

They could afford to. It occurred in the 1922-23 season, when the Bulldogs won 31 straight and beat Rockford (Ill.) High 43-21 for the national interscholastic title.

The thousandth win came against Wichita West last Friday, 78-34 in the opening round of the Wichita National Invitational and it extended Wyandotte's latest winning streak to 25. While Kansas has been tottering up wins for 71 years, Oregon State for 68 and Kentucky for 65, Wyandotte has been at its winning ways for a mere 56 years. The present coach is Walter Shublen, a 45-year-old social studies teacher who became head coach at Wyandotte 34 years ago, and since then has won

nine state championships, five of them at a row, from 1957 to 1961. He has won the team through 284 wins and only 25 losses—a .919 percentage.

Shublen each year runs a Clinic of Champions. It is attended by some 400 coaches and only leaders of state championship teams are permitted to instruct. In rare long years Shublen has had to exclude himself from the faculty of his own school and this season he is wondering if he will not have to do that again. Going for 1,001 in the final of the Wichita North tournament, his Bulldogs lost to host team Wichita North—43-42. Oh, well, another 56 years and who cares?

beating VMI 83-75. As for Georgia, it won its Southeastern Conference game from Auburn 85-84 when Jerry Epling, who did not start the contest, sank a shot at the buzzer. Kentucky took a commanding lead in the SEC, holding off LSU 108-96, despite 52 points by Pete Maravich. Runner-up Vanderbilt was upset by Auburn 92-79. Tiger Sophomore John Mengert, looking more like the big Ms of college basketball—Maravich, Murphy and Mount—scored 30 points in the Vanderbilt game and had 34 in the loss to Georgia. Tennessee also came up with an SEC win, beating Alabama 70-43.

Duke, using four sophomores in an effort to reorganize, led North Carolina State by 15 points midway through the second half. The Blue Devils then went into their Mongoose Delay, which aims at working for layups rather than simply stalling. While the Blue Devils waited, the Wolfpack hurried back to a 77-74 win.

EAST

1. ST. JOHN'S (13-2)

2. COLUMBIA (13-1)

3. VILLANOVA (13-2)

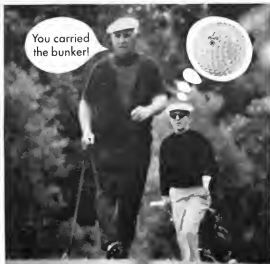
Boston College Coach Bob Cousy announced he would retire at the end of this season, his sixth, because he was having nightmares again, four heart attacks a week and was getting ulcers. He saw his team beat Seton Hall 84-56 and Canisius 107-73, bringing his lifetime college record to 109-37. Billy Evans, his marvelous ball handler who has been kept out of action by injuries for much of the last two seasons, had 30 points against Canisius, 14 of them in a row.

Howard Porter and Johnny Jones scored heavily as Villanova beat Detroit 93-71 and DePaul 81-57. Porter had 28 points in the first game, 30 in the next, while Jones put in 37 against the Titans and 15 against the Blue Demons. La Salle was also a two-time winner, defeating Penn 78-64 and Temple 104-85 to bring its record to 14-1. Holy Cross, a three-time winner, overcame Colgate's stall 48-40 and beat Dartmouth 86-62 and Syracuse 88-80.

Niagara's zone held Bob Lanier to 13 points, but St. Bonaventure won 70-68 as Jim Satalin and Billy Kalbaugh shot over the top for 35 points. Calvin Murphy of Niagara had 27 points in that game, then put on his best spurt of the week when he scored nine points in 3½ minutes to defeat Buffalo 79-76 to end a seven-game losing streak. Rutgers brought its record to 7-3 by downing Lafayette 98-56. Penn State held off a West Virginia rally to win 64-62, then had an uprising of its own thwarted by Army 64-54. St. John's used its fast break to get past St. Francis 71-55.

Vermont took a Yankee Conference game from Connecticut 99-87 and Massachusetts beat outsider Providence 76-62. Princeton dedicated its new fieldhouse with a 74-62 Ivy League win over Penn.

END



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NUCLEAR ISSUE

Sirs:

Robert Boyle's revealing article (*The Nukes Are In Hot Water*, Jan. 20) should be reprinted and sent to every state fish and game commission. In addition to thermal pollution, nuclear plants of large size have another disadvantage, particularly when they are clustered. Scientists at the Atmospheric Sciences Research Center at the State University of New York, Albany, have calculated that if Cos Edison is allowed to nest six giant reactors in the Indian Point neighborhood, 24 miles north of New York City, the weather in the lower Hudson River Valley will be adversely affected. Under certain atmospheric conditions, fogs 400 feet deep will form for miles up and down river. There will be fewer days of good weather for sportsmen, hazards to navigation and long along valley roads during the winter.

This holds true regardless of whether the utility dumps the hot water in the river, which appears to be its present intention, or resorts to cooling towers before returning the water. Present inefficient nuclear reactors must dissipate so much heat that it will change the weather no matter how it is discharged—into the river or into the air via cooling towers.

The far greater danger from nuclear power plants, however, is the gradual pollution of the environment from low-level radioactive wastes which all present plants routinely discharge into the air and water. How these materials are absorbed and concentrated by aquatic organisms is not fully understood, but some of them travel through the food chain in the same manner as does DDT and wind up permeating all forms of life, including man. Let us be spared this new and perhaps ultimate class of pollutants.

LARRY BOGART
Director

Conservation Center for Westchester
White Plains, N.Y.

Sirs:

Nuclear News is indeed honored to have its name mentioned in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*; however, I am writing to assure your readers that the "couldn't care less" reference in your "nukes" article does not apply to us, because we care a great deal. The column from which Robert Boyle took his so-called "joke" is an obvious satire and one that is also labeled as such. It ridicules the very attitude your writer says we are encouraging. Thermal effects from nuclear power plants "prompt no laugh-in" with us either, and we devote serious editorial material to this subject in almost every issue. For the latest, most objective and au-

thentic statement on the problem—what it is, how bad it is and what may be expected in the future—your attention is invited to a recent report by the U.S. Office of Science and Technology, "Considerations Affecting Steam Power Plant Site Selection," which is available to your every reader for \$1.25 from the Superintendent of Documents. This report is indicative that the appropriate authorities are aware of the problem, are doing extensive research on it and are making positive recommendations on how the power industry can meet the water-quality criteria required to save the environment your author says we are out to destroy.

JORDAN GRAHAM
Editor
Nuclear News

Hinsdale, Ill.

Sirs:

As a longtime subscriber to your fine magazine I find it unfortunate that my first letter must be a complaint about *The Nukes Are In Hot Water*.

As a journalism student and former newsman I have always been taught to check my facts. Obviously Mr. Boyle didn't or he would have found that the Millstone Point plant is not being built by United Illuminating but by the operating companies of Northeast Utilities—The Connecticut Light and Power Company, The Hartford Electric Light Company and Western Massachusetts Electric Company.

He also would have found that the young canoeists who checked Connecticut River temperatures were using standard thermometers, hardly the most sophisticated measuring instruments.

WILLIAM J. KEVENEY
North Haven, Conn.

● Northeast Utilities, which now also includes Holyoke Water Power Company, is the builder of the Millstone Point plant. Connecticut Yankee officials concede that on the day river temperatures were tested by the canoeists the discharge reading was 97°, but they dispute the low reading of 72° 1,000 yards upstream. An incontestable fact: there was plenty of hot water around and below the nuke.—ED.

Sirs:

Allow me to congratulate you on Mr. Boyle's excellent article on the dangers of thermal pollution. This is a problem which will increase as increasing population pressures make the demands for power go ever higher. As the article points out, thermal pollution research is a rather new area and

there is much to be learned. It seems to me that having learned the lessons we have from indiscriminate use of pesticides and other things that have meddled with the ecological balance of the planet, we would be very careful to determine in advance the effects of thermal pollution before we go blindly ahead building the plants.

TOM TURNER

San Francisco

Sirs:

The article was a shocking eye-opener. It is unfortunate that, with such obvious injustices being committed by certain industries, more pressure has not been brought from higher echelons. The bills being sponsored by Senator Kennedy and Representative Ottinger require immediate consideration.

ALBERT M. PAVISE

West Point, N.Y.

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is to be commended for the excellent article about the thermal pollution dangers of nuclear power plants. Writing of this kind, like the report of the proposed flooding of a botanical wonderland in Kentucky that appeared some months ago (*Operation Build and Destroy*, April 1), does much to keep the sporting public informed of these issues, which should be the concern of all, sportsmen and others.

ROBERT W. REDDING
Dept. of Chemistry
Vanderbilt University

Nashville, Tenn.

WHAT DEBBIE SAID

Sirs:

I have been misquoted on page 8 of your Jan. 27 issue. I did not at any time criticize our Olympic swimmers. What I once said was that I would like to help design a dress and parade uniform for the '72 Olympians.

DEBBIE MEYER

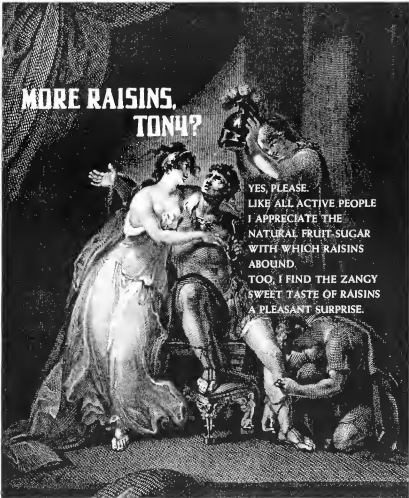
Sacramento, Calif.

● *SI* regrets misquoting Debbie, who last week won the Sullivan Award.—ED.

Sirs:

Your quote in the *They Said It* section of *SCORECARD* (Jan. 27) concerning Debbie Meyer's opinion of the U.S. swimmers was completely erroneous. Miss Meyer was referring to the dress and parade uniform issued to all Olympic athletes. I would like to point out that White Stag-Speedo was the suit selected for all U.S. swimmers for the 1964 Olympics, the 1967 Pan-American Games and the 1968 Olympic Games. Every finalist at the U.S. Olympic Trials wore White Stag-Speedo by his own choice, 27

continued



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A large Zenith color television set is the central focus, displaying a golfer in mid-swing. The TV has a dark wood-grain cabinet with vertical slats on the sides and a wide base. It sits in a rustic room with a large, dark-framed picture on the wall behind it and a green vase on a surface to the right. The text is overlaid on the left side of the image.

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